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The Week

PROBABLY no one is watching the development of the San Francisco strike with more interest than a quiet, gray-haired man in San Quentin Prison—Tom Mooney. The Industrial Association which refused collective bargaining to the longshoremen, and precipitated the strike, is the same Industrial Association that was formed, for the same general purposes, shortly before Mooney went to jail. Then, as now, an industrial dispute raged along the waterfront. Mooney had been active in seeking to organize employees of the Market Street Railway, who are now participating in the general walkout. The Industrial Association stood behind the city government when Mooney was framed and sent to prison on perjured testimony, to get him out of the way. If it runs true to form, we may expect almost any day to see a fake "atrocity," after which one or more of labor's leaders will be arrested, rushed through the pretense of a trial and locked up for long terms. Mooney's frame-up was nearly twenty years ago—it probably seems longer to [illegible] than to anyone else. There is no evidence that in all that time the reactionary San Francisco employers have learned or forgotten anything.

MANY are asking what the issue of the general strike in San Francisco is. That is probably because many newspapers did not print the official statement of the strike committee. Following are crucial paragraphs from that statement:

> This [codification and suspension of anti-trust laws under N.R.A.] placed in the hands of business leaders and industrial owners a vast new power which, unchecked, in irresponsible hands, would have resulted in an overwhelming and unbearable penalty against the nation as a whole for the advantage of the few: to consumers in prices pyramided under a monopoly, to labor in wage levels pressed down by unified monopolistic action.
>
> To prevent this topheavy development the government has planned a system of checks and balances in the new industrial scheme—protection of consumers through federal institutions in their behalf, and protection of the rights of labor by actively supporting the workers' right to bargain with the united employer groups.

This right, the committee says, the marine employers have denied, and if the marine strikers lose, other employers will follow suit. The strikers are supporting the cause of labor throughout the country, and the whole public interest in a successful recovery program. Nothing less than that is the issue as they see it.

THE congressional committee investigating "un-American activities" has unearthed some interesting facts about the doings of Nazi Germany. Mr. Carl Byoir, long famous for his close relations with the Machado government in Cuba, has been receiving $6,000 a month from the German Tourist Bureau, theoretically for services in persuading Americans to visit Hitlerland. Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, the well known German-American publicist, has been receiving $1,750 a month from Mr. Byoir for no visible reason except that he helped that gentleman to land his contract. Mr. Viereck also received $2,000 from Dr. Otto Kiep, when the latter was German Consul General in New York City, for giving advice about German-American relations.

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the German government in the way of free transportation, with the obvious expectation that they would then write favorably of the Nazi regime—among them, Colonel E. Alexander Powell, Karl K. Kitchen, Mrs. Helen Appleton Reed, James Aswelt and Allen Cleaton. Colonel Powell, it is interesting to recall, recently published a book entitled "The Long Roll on the Rhine," of which The New Republic's reviewer wrote: "Colonel Powell's purpose is apparently to conceal [the] ominous aspect of Hitlerism from the English-speaking world. . . . I assume he is not paid by Berlin, but he should be."

OF ESPECIAL interest were the revelations regarding Ivy L. Lee, the famous big-business propagandist, who changed the public conception of John D. Rockefeller from ogre to Santa Claus, and made America love the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Lee is on the pay roll of the German Dye Trust for $25,000 a year, and also receives another $5,000 from an American subsidiary. His chief work has been to advise the Germans on relations with America, and while ostensibly he was employed only by the Dye Trust, it is admitted that his advice was passed on to the German government and that much of it could have been of importance only to government officials. Since Mr. Lee apparently never told his German clients anything they didn't already know, and since American dislike of Hitler increased tremendously during the first year of Lee's services, it would be easy to say simply that his clients didn't get much for their money. But there is another aspect of the matter, quite aside from the question of propriety involved in having American citizens, skilled propagandists, secretly in the pay not merely of a foreign government but the most dangerous, depraved and bloody-handed government now to be found anywhere in the world. Mr. Lee admits that he gave Germany advice in the matter of demanding equality of armament with the other European nations. By his own statement, Germany would seem to have hired an American press agent to dictate its foreign policy. Not only is this interesting in itself, but it seems to open up vast possibilities. Why not let all the other European governments also turn over their foreign affairs to Mr. Lee? Then his office on Broad Street could become a substitute for Geneva and for all the Foreign Ministries, at a vast saving in money and trouble.

WHEN the strike of 300 agricultural workers at his 3,000-acre farm in Bridgeton, New Jersey, ended last week, Charles F. Seabrook announced that it had been broken by "putting Communists in jail and keeping them there." This was a subtle tribute to the justices of Bridgeton. Men, women and children were clubbed and gassed; warrants were issued indiscriminately; strikers were clapped into jail without hearings and were not even permitted to consult counsel. To expedite matters, Justice [illegible] held court in the offices of the Seabrook farm, though this was clearly illegal in New Jersey law. His confrère, Justice Downs, declared that hearings were unnecessary; he knew the strikers were guilty and would find them so. And when strike leaders were released on bail—set as high as $1,000 for disorderly conduct—they were immediately served with new warrants and placed in jail again. The strike was led by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, which has Communist affiliations, but it was nothing more revolutionary than to force Mr. Seabrook to live up to a contract he had signed with the union last April. This called for payment of 30 cents an hour to men and 25 cents an hour to women. The strike was called when Mr. Seabrook announced that he did not consider the contract valid and that he would pay only 18 cents.

BUT this simple issue was rapidly buried under vicious propaganda. In a series of advertisements in The Bridgeton Evening News there was an undisguised attempt to incite terrorism against the strikers and to foment race hatred (about half the workers are Negroes). "As a true American," hinted Mr. Seabrook in one signed advertisement, "I hope that what is going on in Alabama in dealing with these Communists will not take place here at home." This was followed by a helpful account of just what was happening in Alabama: raids on the homes of Negroes and whites, the holding of prisoners for days without warrants, the itch to give "the entire nation a full-blown sample of its cure for industrial unrest—the rope and fagot." With no such ideas in mind, of course, Mr. Seabrook has been active in organizing a band of Vigilantes—to drive "from this area Communists whose labor activities menace the very existence of farms." And Mr. Seabrook's advertisements, it appears, bore some fruit even on the night the strike was "settled"—a "settlement" since repudiated by the strikers. The "settlement" stipulated that the old wages would be restored, but imposed a compulsory board of arbitration on the workers. When Donald Henderson, leader of the union, urged the strikers to reject this provision on the grounds that the union would not be represented on the board, he was mobbed by Vigilantes scattered through the strike meeting. The New York papers misrepresented this incident completely. According to them, the strikers had revolted from Mr. Henderson's leadership and had attacked him. The strikers emphatically demand union representation on the board. They need it; the International Labor Defense reports that already Mr. Seabrook is violating his own "settlement" by discriminations against former strikers and hostility to his Negro workers.

MR. Wickham Steed is a well known English journalist with a good reputation (he was formerly editor of The London Times). Writing in the July issue of The Nineteenth Century, he summarizes some German documents that have come into his

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possession, documents he is convinced are genuine. These indicate that for many months the German War Office has been experimenting in London and Paris to determine the wartime efficacy of various types of chemicals and bacteria. For instance, harmless bacteria have been released in the London and Paris subways, and their progress noted. The German agents were well pleased with the results of their experiments, reporting that "the scheme for the infection of large cities like Paris or London by distributing separate deposits of Yellow Cross [mustard gas] or bacilli in the systems of their underground railways ought, in the main, to be practicable." Mr. Steed has documents giving detailed plans for gas attacks upon more than twenty French cities. It is possible, of course, that these documents are forgeries. It is equally possible that the German experimenters were too optimistic about the efficacy of such operations in case of war. But there is a very good chance that the documents are genuine, that the experiments were successful, and that instrumentalities of these types will be used in case of another conflict among the major powers of Western Europe. It is also overwhelmingly probable that the Germans do not stand alone in carrying on experiments of this sort. Every government, of course, is admittedly working with poison gas; is anyone so naïve as to suppose that their experiments do not include every other lethal device? Mr. Steed's revelations are a sinister footnote to the fact that all efforts toward disarmament and the abolition of certain weapons have broken down, and that Europe is rushing headlong toward another war.

The General Strike

THE THEORY and practice of the general strike have been explored pretty completely in this and other countries. While there is always something new to be discovered in social action, and the principles appear in a different light under varying conditions, it is unlikely that the broad conclusions previously reached will be upset by the present trials of this weapon of labor in San Francisco and possibly in Minneapolis and other cities.

Industrial Motives.—A general strike may arise, as in this instance, from a desire on the part of labor organizations to assist those already engaged in a bitter struggle for specific concessions. "Sympathetic strikes" of one or more related crafts are not uncommon, and when a sympathetic strike movement spreads widely and becomes consciously organized, it grows into a general strike covering the locality in question. Such a development rarely occurs, however, except in crises when the common cause of labor is felt to be uppermost. In San Francisco the workers, according to their official spokesmen, believe the issues behind the longshoremen's and marine workers' strike are important to the whole labor movement; the employers' failure to grant recognition and control of hiring halls in these cases carries with it a threat to the other unions. Consequently labor mobilizes to win this battle, just as nations mobilize behind a single *casus belli,* which may in itself seem insufficient to cause war, but which is made a test case for the decision of a fundamental conflict. Powerful spurs to action are provided by the killing of strikers by policemen, the calling in of the troops to help the employers break the strike and the lining up of public officials and newspapers against labor. It is felt that now or never labor must establish its rights; it must be demonstrated that without the workers' consent no activity can be carried on; it is believed that those who "do not hang together will hang separately."

Political Motives.—General strikes are sometimes called for political objectives—to bring pressure on governments, or even to overthrow them. The leaders in San Francisco emphatically and explicitly deny that in this case there is any revolutionary aim. The action is conceived to be self-defensive. But the statement makes equally clear that political considerations are involved. Labor wants to support the New Deal and the N.R.A. Neither can work successfully, it says, and with unquestionable truth, unless the increased power of employers under the codes which embody "self-government of industry" is counterbalanced by a strong organized labor movement. Employers who refuse to grant collective bargaining disobey Section 7a of the Recovery Act and undermine the success of the New Deal. The strikers believe that they are the outposts of a labor warfare extending throughout the nation, one that is being fought in behalf of the entire community. They ask citizens to be patient with inconveniences—as they themselves are—in view of this great cause. In general strikes, as in war and revolution, the participants always believe in the righteousness of their aims, and political considerations of the highest order come in at the back door even though they are excluded from the front.

The Dangers of the Strike.—A general strike is, no matter what its origin, a dangerous weapon for labor to employ. If the strike call does not fail and sufficient numbers obey it, the life of the community is paralyzed. The strikers may make exceptions of milk, or of food for hospitals, or of gasoline for doctors' cars, or what-not, but they cannot make exceptions enough really to care for the needs of the population unless they reduce the strike to almost negligible proportions. Under the present organization of society, they cannot hit at all employers at once without injuring everybody, including themselves and their families. Thus, for purely mechanical and inevitable reasons, the leadership of a general strike that has lasted more than a few days faces the following drastic alternative: it must either allow the strike to collapse, or take over the

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management of all essential services and businesses. Necessary work must be done. If it is done for the employers, the strike fails and labor's prestige suffers disastrously. If it is done under the management of labor's representatives, something equivalent to a revolution has taken place, for labor's representatives cannot direct work without control of the employers' property. A general strike of indefinite duration is thus self-defeating unless it leads to virtual revolution.

In addition to this logical difficulty, the strike arouses all the latent hostility of employers, public officials and the non-union population, regardless of the original issue. They mobilize to defeat the strike, in order to support their life. This increases the likelihood that employers will end the strike on their own terms.

After an unsuccessful general strike, the employers are likely to have everything their own way, for a time. Unions under contract have exposed themselves to attack by violating the contracts. Fighting spirit and funds have been used up. Public opinion has been alienated. Anti-union employers have been morally strengthened. It is for these reasons that the higher officials of labor organizations, having in view the continuity of the unions and being intent on successful collective bargaining rather than on revolution, always oppose sympathetic and general strikes.

If revolution were the aim of the strike leaders, it would of course be silly to engineer merely a localized general strike, especially in a city like San Francisco or Minneapolis. Nothing less than a strike covering the great industrial centers would do, especially one in the basic industries. Even a successful assumption of power by labor in a single city would soon be defeated unless the nation followed suit.

For Demonstration Only.—On such grounds it has been concluded that general strikes should be called for strictly limited periods only—say for one day or two or three—and as a warning and demonstration of labor's solidarity, unless a revolution is seriously intended. Then the workers can go back at the appointed time in order and without losing prestige or status. The fact that this was not the type of strike called in San Francisco indicates either that the leaders are inexperienced in the matter or that they are not acting on accepted theory.

It is, of course, conceivable that a few revolutionary leaders would want the workers to go through the experience of a general strike as a sort of rehearsal for future events of greater gravity, and as an experience in the class struggle, even though the immediate result were the weakening of the labor organizations. But it is inconceivable that such a minority leadership could, either by "intimidation," as suggested by San Francisco [illegible] interests, or by plotting, carry the masses with them into a movement of this kind unless the stage were set by the larger forces of history that would give point to such a rehearsal. The employers may win once, twice, a half-dozen times, but the mere existence of general strikes gives evidence of a deep cleft in society which cannot be permanently bridged over by the victory of reaction. It would be far beside the point to whitewash the action of the employers or to forget the basic causes of the trouble by blaming revolutionary agitators.

New Peace Pacts in Europe

ONCE AGAIN, Europe seems on the verge of adopting a new self-denying ordinance. As so often in the past, several of the most important nations are planning pledges not to go to war and to resist military action by any of their number who does so. Is there any reason to believe that the new compact, if signed, will be taken more seriously than those that have been written in the past?

In order to answer that question, it is necessary to recall the history of recent months. The present situation has grown logically out of the fears entertained by two countries: France and Russia. The French have looked with growing apprehension upon Germany's grim and desperate policy of rearmament. Russia, with equal justification, has with alarm seen Japan preparing to fight her in Siberia for control of the northeastern Asiatic mainland. Under Stalin, Russia's foreign policy has become increasingly like that of any other power —perhaps only temporarily and in an emergency, but none the less effectively. Germany is a potential menace to Russia only less serious than is Japan. What more natural, then, than that Moscow and Paris should combine to work out measures for protection against enemies in part identical and in spirit so similar?

These plans at first ran roughly along the lines of a Franco-Russian military agreement, hardly to be distinguished from the alliances of the old days. Partly to make this seem less startlingly reminiscent of 1914, Russia was to ask, and be granted, membership in the League of Nations. The first part of this plan, however, encountered obstacles. The British did not like it, partly because it seemed shockingly inconsistent with the spirit of the League and partly because it appeared likely to emphasize the division of Europe into armed camps and thereby make war all the more probable. Other reasons were, presumably, that such a plan would diminish Great Britain's own importance, and that it would aid Soviet Russia, with which the present British government is none too friendly.

The French, as realists, recognized that at all costs they must keep the friendship of the British; and so they were prepared to change their plan for one that Great Britain would approve. Russia in the last few months has made a great success in signing pacts of mutual non-aggression with several

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of her Western neighbors. France, of course, has been trying ever since 1919 to obtain from anybody and everybody agreements that the territorial provisions of the peace treaties would be maintained. M. Barthou has recently conducted an energetic tour of southeastern Europe in which he has sought to repair the French fences, to convince the succession states that France is their one true friend and to supplement existing agreements in every possible way.

Out of all this the French evolved the idea of two regional compacts on the model of Locarno. One of these was to cover southeastern Europe, and the other, northeastern. From the French point of view, the latter was the more important. If successful, it would put a ring of enemies around Hitler's Germany and perhaps frighten the Nazis into a reluctant abandonment of their military plans.

When this scheme was broached to the British, they objected to it for the same reasons that had made them cold to the Franco-Russian alliance. Now, as always, Great Britain feels that she should act the mediator between France and Germany, at least up to the moment when hostilities begin, when everyone knows that she is likely to side with France. She therefore made the expected proposal for modification. Why not bring Germany in as well? Why not bind all the countries to keep the peace? The French, perforce, were compelled to accept the suggestion. After all, it could do them no great harm to invite Germany to follow a course of action wholly in the French interest and wholly opposed to the announced intentions of the Nazi government. If Germany is given a fair invitation and rejects it, France can again ask Great Britain to approve of a "Northeastern Locarno," with a better chance of obtaining her consent.

There, for the moment, the matter rests. If the German government acts in accordance with its recent policy, it will decline to join a compact that guarantees the post-war territorial settlements to which it is so strongly opposed. On the other hand, the Hitler government is weakened by internal discontent, which to a certain extent ties its hands. The Germans will be in a much better position to challenge France four or five years hence than they are today—assuming that they can solve their economic problems, and are not subject to a successful Communist revolution in the meantime. There is just a faint possibility, therefore, that shrewd men among Hitler's advisers may persuade him to accept the "Northeastern Locarno."

If he does, and the new pact comes into effect, will it have any genuine meaning? Will it dispel the war clouds which now hang so heavily over the whole continent? With no desire to be pessimistic, we do not feel that it will. Such compacts as the French propose settle none of the fundamental conflicts that have brought about the European tension. They solve no economic problems. They freeze the injustices inherent in the Versailles Treaty and the other documents of 1919. Perhaps the outstanding lessons to be learned from the last twenty years of European history are that nothing is settled until it is settled right, and that peace protestations are perfectly worthless on the lips of men pursuing objectives for which they are willing to fight. If Europe really wants to keep the peace, she has all the documents she needs in the League covenant, Locarno and the Kellogg-Briand pact. If she does not, another series of agreements does not matter.

Finally, it must be remembered that what the French propose is in essence security without disarmament. Any nation that signed the new compact could argue that it needs a strong army in order to fulfill its obligations against an aggressive power. There is not much genuine difference between this attitude and that of the militarist who says that only in preparedness is there a guarantee of peace, overlooking the fact that throughout all history preparedness has ended in war. To be sure, the French plan would be no worse than the present international anarchy, which seems to be leading so inevitably toward new conflict; but before it could mean substantial improvement, it would have to be carried out by governments totally different in purpose, by statesmen utterly unlike, those of today.

The New Fascism in Germany

HITLER'S speech to the Reichstag was an extraordinary revelation of the man, which well deserves careful reading. In the main, it demonstrated his sincerity as completely as it gave evidence of his gullibility, the dark and devious course of his thought, the lack of sound intelligence and reasoning power. No man capable of this speech is his own master; behind him are even more sinister, because more able, figures—not only the great industrialists like Thyssen, but Göring, who is rapidly emerging as the strongest man in the German political scene.

Hitler, of course, offered no evidence to support his theory that an incipient revolution justified the cold-blooded murder of seventy-seven men. In the few instances in which he attempted more than empty phrases—as when he accused General von Schleicher of having conspired with a foreign power and having plotted with Röhm, a man whom von Schleicher hated and despised—his statements were palpably untrue and in obvious contradiction to well known facts. The government's announcement that it has no intention of publishing, now or hereafter, the list of those put to death at Hitler's command speaks volumes. It absolves the Nazi dictator from the necessity of explaining in what way von Kahr, von Lossow and Seissner, the men who broke his Bürgerbräuhaus Putsch in 1923 and have since retired from active political life, were connected with the alleged Storm Troop intrigue; why Lieutenant Scheringer, the National Socialist whose sensational revelations when he turned to the Communists

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several years ago set all Germany talking, was killed; what connections Dr. Klausener and Albert Probst, the murdered Catholic leaders and the many others whose death or disappearance has never been explained, had with this mysterious affair.

Each day as it passes brings disclosures throwing new light on the events that led to Hitler's sensational coup. But no one has been able to unearth the slightest evidence of an actual plot against Germany's rulers. Conflicts there were. Resentments on the left and implacability on the right darkened the National Socialist horizon. After a brief eighteen months of undisputed power the ship of state was foundering, and Hitler's own followers had to be thrown overboard as cumbersome ballast in a heavy sea. At first the Chancellor, hoping for better times, had tried to steer a middle course, but the miracle on which he based his statesmanship refused to happen and the impending showdown could no longer be avoided. The heavy industries and powerful financial interests were demanding the suppression of the "socialist" Storm Troops. The Storm Troop leaders, on the other hand, knew that their hour was about to strike. They saw in the "vacation without arms" decreed by the government the end of their power. Hitler was rebelling against his own movement and the efforts of its leaders to hold him to its promised aims. June 30 was his answer to their ultimatum. He had decided for the Reichswehr and the men behind it. Röhm and the other National Socialist leaders died that Hitler might live. They were sacrificed, not for an ideal but to destroy the aims for which they had participated in the Nazi movement from the first. Together with Hitler they had once believed that it would be possible to use the money of German capital to lay the foundation for its own destruction.

There is food for reflection in the fact that Hitler's "cleansing" of the Storm Troops came so close on his interview with the Italian dictator, just as it was no accident that the conference in Venice was followed by an interview with the Rhenish industrialists. Hitler was sorely in need of advice and moral support. Germany is moving toward disaster. The wolf is at her door and the outlook for the winter is disheartening. A system of bread and food cards is in preparation. Exports in June fell to a new low and August imports are to be limited to what can be bought with five percent of the country's normal requirements in foreign exchange. German importers have been placed on progressively smaller exchange rations. For March they were allowed 45 percent of what they had required in March, 1930. For April the allowance was 35 percent, for May 25 percent, for June and July 10 percent and for August 5 percent, always as compared with 1930.

In Germany, the Italian conception of the corporate state is evidently about to replace National Socialism with its idea of a "second revolution" which would consolidate the achievements of the "national revolution" for the working masses. The elimination of the Storm Troops was the indispensable prerequisite. The German industrialists would not have accepted less. The appointment of Dr. Kurt Schmitt, Minister of Economics, as industrial dictator with unrestricted powers was the second step in the "rehabilitation" of the Hitler government; the destruction of the last vestige of labor's rights will follow as the inevitable conclusion. Wages, already low, will fall still lower. Social services will be reduced to the irreducible minimum. The last remnants of legal protection for the worker will disappear. The new fascism toward which Germany is moving will combine the evils of private initiative in industry and fascist totalitarianism without the mitigating features of either.

An interesting phase of development in the Reich is the eclipse of the redoubtable Hjalmar Schacht behind the rising Dr. Schmitt. Germany's financial expert is to be sacrificed not so much to the displeasure of the world with "his" moratorium as for his refusal to accept a policy of currency devaluation. Industry, that it may compete in the world market, demands that the gold content of the mark be reduced by at least 20 percent. Schacht objects to what German industrialists would like to term "controlled inflation," regarding it as a menace to Germany's credit which may lead to tariff reprisals against German goods. Manufacturers in the Reich believe, however, that increased profits at home would more than offset the possible disadvantages abroad.

All this presumes, to be sure, that Germany's destinies are wholly in the hands of the men who control its financial and industrial affairs. But there is every reason to believe that the enforced national self-containment on which these policies are based will release political forces that must sooner or later upset the delicate balance of these calculations. Last Monday's student uprising in Göttingen and the recent troubles in the Dornier works in Friedrichshafen, as a result of which hundreds of employees were dismissed and the works closed, are potent indications of Hitler's waning political influence.

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San Francisco: Act One

IT IS to change everything in San Francisco, and to be of historic significance, but you don't know that, when the parade starts; you only see the workers moving slowly and silently away from the International Longshoremen's Association hall and turn up Market Street, bearing the bodies of Howard Sperry and Nicholas Boredeis. Sperry and Boredeis were killed; they were shot in the back, while they were trying to escape from the police who on July 5 were carrying on a massed offensive against all workers who came within range of their guns and clubs. When I say that their funeral changed things in San Francisco I mean that before it started the business people of the city and the arbitrators appointed by the President and the newspapers had been acting on the assumption that everybody was against the longshoremen's strike except a group of radicals, and that after the parade had started no one with eyes could doubt that the masses of the people were for the strike and would defend it.

When the funeral march got under way the life of the town stopped in wonder and surprise. Nobody expected so many. It had not seemed there were so many in San Francisco. They were only plain working people, thousands and thousands and thousands of them, sober and resolute, marching in ranks to bury their dead. It was a week before the business men of San Francisco got back their nerve and convinced themselves they had had a nightmare, that there had not really been so many after all. But it was clear that the capitalists of San Francisco faced something they had not had to deal with before. They faced a general strike. To the working class of the city, the strike had become a question of whether there were or were not to be labor organizations besides the company unions set up and controlled by the employers. If the strike was lost, it meant that the offensive would be carried on against other labor organizations.

The tactics followed by the employers gave rise to the belief that they viewed the strike as an opportunity for an offensive against all union labor. The strike was begun on March 5. It was postponed at the request of Roosevelt, who appointed an arbitration board. But the men discovered that "arbitration" was merely a cloak for preparation, that the delay was being used by the employers to prepare for the strike. Headquarters for strikebreakers had already been established and armored cars provided for their transportation. The police were mobilized on the waterfront. A fund-raising letter, circulated among the employers, soliciting money to break the strike and providing for payment of pledges in monthly instalments fell into the hands of the longshoremen. And in the very first week of the strike the impression grew that the employers were prepared for a long battle and had no intention of settling with the I.L.A.

This impression became stronger when the attitude of the employers to the other unions on strike was revealed. The Marine Workers' Industrial Union, meeting to consider programs to aid the longshoremen, voted to strike and raised their own demands. In the next few days the International Seamen's Union and eight other unions embracing all other marine workers from water-tenders to the Masters, Mates' and Pilots' Association, struck and raised their own demands. Thirty thousand men were now out and the strike was solid up and down the Coast, though some cargoes continued to be moved with strikebreakers in Los Angeles. The striking unions immediately appointed a joint strike committee of fifty to carry on negotiations for a settlement of the strike. This committee notified Thomas Plant of the Waterfront Employers' Union and Mayor Rossi that as a *basis* for settlement the strikers demanded only protection against discrimination because of union or strike activities and joint settlements for all the unions involved. As a result, it was repeatedly asserted by the employers that the strike *could not be settled,* since there existed no organization of employers with authority to speak for all the shipping companies whose seamen were on strike. This fantastic reasoning strongly suggested that the employers had no serious intention of settling the strike.

As soon as the joint strike committee was formed, an attempt was made to discredit its leaders, in preparation for the preposterous "settlement" of June 16—a settlement which must go down as a classic fiasco in the history of labor scandals. A compromise on the critical question of control of the hiring halls was offered—the I.L.A. was to have one representative in each hall, the employers one and the third to be impartial. Simultaneously with the offering of this compromise the police struck at the picket lines more savagely than at any time since the beginning of the strike. The employers, newspapers and city officials condemned the leaders of the strike as communists, and Governor Merriam announced the beginning of a statewide drive against communism. In this atmosphere the longshoremen rejected the "compromise," which made no provision for the other unions on strike even if it had been acceptable on its own merits, by a vote of 2,400 to 78.

After this vote of confidence in the leaders, the newspapers suddenly blazed out with headlines that the strike was over. It had been settled, fixed, arbitrated

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Ryan, international president of the longshoremen, and other A.F. of L. officials had met in Mayor Rossi's office with representatives of the Employers' Union and the Industrial Association and signed an agreement. This agreement did not meet a single one of the strikers' demands and did not even meet their conditions for a *basis* for a settlement of the strike. When this became clear, the disinterest of the people was enormous. As for the longshoremen, they rejected the agreement unanimously.

For all its absurdity, indeed because of its absurdity, this episode deepened the alarm of the working class at the development of the strike. The obvious stage-management that preceded the "settlement," the empty elation cried out in the newspapers, the ambiguous role of the government arbitrators, all suggested that no serious attempt to settle the strike was being made. And the events of the next few days were to convince the masses of the people that an organized attempt to destroy union labor was under way.

The Industrial Association announced that, since the port was open, it would open the port by force. On June 23 the San Francisco Labor Council, by a vote of 129 to 22, passed a resolution denouncing communism—a resolution specifically aimed at the leaders of the strike and designed to break the united front that had been formed when the Marine Workers' Industrial Union went on strike with the longshoremen. An elaborate anti-Red campaign was mapped out by the Citizens' Committee and the American Legion, with a program that included the disrupting of working-class meetings and speeches in moving-picture theatres and churches. President Roosevelt, under the powers granted by Congress before closing, appointed the National Longshore Board, consisting of Archbishop Hanna as chairman, O. K. Cushing, a wealthy attorney, and Assistant Secretary of Labor McGrady, who had been a leading actor in every unsuccessful negotiation so far. It cannot be said that these appointments increased the confidence of the people in the seriousness of the government's attempts to settle the strike.

On July 3, shortly after noon, the Industrial Association attempted to make good its threat. Trucks driven by strikebreakers left the docks. Simultaneously the police drove at the picket lines. In the fighting that lasted all afternoon at least thirty strikers were seriously wounded, most of them shot. On July 5 the Industrial Association again attempted to move goods. This time almost the entire police force of San Francisco was mobilized at the waterfront. As the trucks emerged from the docks the police moved against the strikers, using their revolvers, tear and vomiting gas before going to work with their clubs. Wounded strikers who were taken to the Emergency Hospitals were immediately arrested. Fire trucks were called out and driven against masses of strikers and onlookers in efforts to disperse them. Most of the fighting was in the vicinity of Rincon Hill, where the remains of dismantled buildings supplied the strikers with the industrial debris—bolts, nuts, railroad spikes—that formed their only weapons. As the fighting continued the hill became covered with spectators, who provided a highly explosive backstop for the strikers against which the police dared not fire too frequently. The hill changed hands repeatedly during the day, the strikers again and again being driven back and then taking possession. At three-thirty in the afternoon, when the attack was at its height, the Industrial Association telephoned the International Longshoremen's Association headquarters and asked: "*Now* will you arbitrate?" During the night the troops took possession of the waterfront and flowers were piled on the corner where Sperry and Boredeis were killed.

The morning after the battle, the longshoremen and seamen were not discouraged. Still they were not confident that a general strike would be called, nor did they expect that the response at the funeral would be so great. The teamsters voted to strike if the strike was not settled or on its way toward a settlement by July 10. This in effect was a notice served to the employers and the government arbitrators that the workers of San Francisco would not tolerate any further delay or sabotage of the settlement. The Longshore Board responded with a proposal quite in keeping with its record. It called open hearings. It proposed to "get to the bottom of things." For three days the people of the city were treated to the spectacle of the Board displaying its ignorance by the rudimentary character of the questions it asked. As the hearings dragged on and no progress was made the working people of San Francisco laid down their tools; all trucking stopped in the city; seventy-five unions voted for the general strike. The butchers struck. The employees of the Market Street Railway voted for the strike by a vote of 700 to 38. Pacific Gas and Electric Company employees voted to join the strike. The American Legion publicly announced that its attitude toward labor had been misunderstood and that it was strictly neutral in labor disputes. The Central Labor Council of San Francisco, distinguished from the first by its hostility to the leaders of the longshoremen, announced that it had full confidence in the same leaders it had previously condemned. In the ranks of organized labor a struggle was going on. The strike strategy board of the Central Labor Council was expressing the most militant sentiments in the hope of winning the confidence of a majority of the unions and getting them to cast their votes for the general strike in the form of a decision to give authority to the strategy board. Not in order to prevent the strike—that seems, at the moment, impossible—but to maintain control of it after it became general.

When you look back on the moves made by the government arbitrators and the employers, you see that they have been at once wonderful and mean-

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ingless, perfectly organized in detail and childish in purpose. They have arbitrated, but they have only arbitrated nonexistent grievances. They have settled the strike, but only with people who were not involved. They have signed agreements, but only with those who had no authority. Within these limitations every move has been perfectly timed, perfectly executed, perfect in detail. But instead of defeating the longshoremen, they have brought on the general strike.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

San Francisco, Calif.

The Show Is Over

AMONG its many inconclusive acts, one definite thing that the Roosevelt administration has done has been to kill the spirits of the young men in its lower ranks. You cannot assign a specific date to this massacre, as you can say that on January 31, 1934, the administration returned to the gold standard. Nevertheless, it is a perfectly tangible event; it has taken place within the last few weeks and it ought to be recorded.

Early in the Roosevelt regime, a large number of young men and a sprinkling of young women, who had been selected solely because of their college standing and not because of their political pull, came into the administration. Most of them were young instructors or assistant professors or graduate research students; a few had achieved considerable academic fame. Members of this group obtained about half the subordinate posts in the A.A.A.; they were plentifully scattered through the legal division and the Consumers' and Labor Advisory Boards of the N.R.A., through the P.W.A. and through the Emergency Relief Administration. Partly because of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan's timidity, they had great difficulty in gaining a foothold in the Tennessee Valley Authority, ostensibly the one wholly experimental department of the administration.

The collecting of these young instructors and graduate students in Washington was not the result of a conscious administration policy. The using of the colleges to recruit the permanent personnel marked a great advance in our government practice, but it was something that was put over on the Democratic party and, to some extent, on Mr. Roosevelt himself. A number of older members of the faculties of Harvard, Yale and one or two other universities—men who were friends of Mr. Roosevelt and sympathizers with the New Deal—had foreseen that the complicated machinery of the New Deal could be made to work only if it was manned by expert technicians. With great wiliness and persistence, these faculty members set about planting their brightest students in subordinate, but strategic, posts. They had a tireless fellow conspirator in Justice Brandeis, whose avocation for many years has been the encouragement of promising young men. As it turned out, their task was not particularly difficult since at the beginning of the administration the divisions, boards and councils of the N.R.A. and A.A.A. were multiplying like a hutchful of Belgian hares, and the demand for competent people was terrific.

Before the advent of these young men from the colleges, government workers tended to be a frowzy lot. Like the inmates of any institution, they looked on themselves as prisoners, sentenced for life or until they became eligible for pensions, and their only interest was in diddling the Civil Service Commission, at which they were adepts. The young men from the colleges formed a dazzling, disconcerting contrast. They regarded themselves as volunteers, and had immense enthusiasm for their new jobs. No one ever sleeps much in the soggy, river-valley heat of Washington summers, and night after night, during July and August of last year, they used to meet to discuss absorbedly their plans for rebuilding America.

The celebrated Dr. Wirt did not manage to get himself invited to a very typical example of these nightly gatherings. But at none of them would he have found a communist conspiracy in the making, nor even any clear recognition that ours is a class society, in which fundamental class antagonisms exist as surely as they existed in Tsarist Russia. The nearest to a revolutionary at these meetings was a sub-sub-assistant of the A.A.A., who used to announce belligerently in the early morning hours that he was a Bolshevik, much as a child runs its velocipede into your legs and says it is Dillinger. This particular young man has since gone eagerly to a position in private business at a five-figure salary.

At bottom, the principal change that the young men wished to bring about in America was a rearrangement of things so that scientifically trained, ambitious but propertyless men—men like themselves, in short—would be able to exercise control. Their rebellion was against the business rulers who had bankrupted the nation, rather than against the social and economic order itself. They had ferocious contempt for industrialists and bankers, who, they strongly believed, had proved themselves too chuckle-headed or pusillanimous to perform their self-assumed functions. They were superbly confident that they themselves, given an opportunity, could make the existing system work, and work well. They had a vivid sense of this country's riches and the

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and believed that if only they were permitted through the federal government to provide for the conservation of natural resources, to direct the flow of capital investment and to maintain mass distribution through increased purchasing power, they could make business recover, the stock market go up, the farmer become mortgage-free and the wage earner rich in undreamed-of comforts and luxuries.

There can be no question about the technical competence of these young men of the New Deal. To an astonishing degree, they were scientific-minded, direct, bunkless, efficient. Together they constituted perhaps the ablest body of subordinates that any government has ever had. Nor can there be any doubt about the purity of their personal motives. Except for their small university salaries, few of them had any material stake in the existing order. Their sole interest lay in making our economic machine work—in getting factories to operate again and in getting goods distributed and enjoyed and consumed. You need only read Mr. Ernest K. Lindley's "The Roosevelt Revolution," a book written last summer in Washington in the midst of the young men's discussions, to realize with what single-heartedness they prepared to devote themselves to this task. And at least in the first months of the Roosevelt administration, the young men seemingly had immense power. There was no proposal of theirs, no matter how radical, that was not received with delighted approbation by the higher-ups. Congress was bewildered, enthusiastic and ready to pass under special rule and without debate any legislation submitted to it. And outside the government, the reactionary rulers of America—watching with fascinated horror the Pecora investigation and the trial of Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank—appeared to have no stomach for fighting anything proposed at Washington.

Despite all this, it is clear that the young men have failed to carry through their objectives. With the advantage of hindsight, we can see that the essential reason for their failure was that, with all their technical competence, they did not know how to base themselves on any mass political movement, or to collect the support of the workers and farmers of the country. It is possible, of course, that if they had boldly gone out speech-making on their own initiative among workers' and farmers' groups, or had encouraged workers' and farmers' representatives to come to them in Washington, they would have been swiftly reprimanded by their superiors and possibly even fired from their posts.

I can, however, name at least two or three young men who in the beginning attempted to do exactly these things, and received from their superiors a respect not unmixed with fear. But as a class, the young men formed no relationships with outside movements, and when finally they realized that they and their projects were being cold-shouldered, they had no mass support on which they could call.

gatherings of the young men last summer was their sense of isolation. You found a great clannishness among them, like a Greek-letter college fraternity. They were nervously eager to find converts without, for the most part, having any clear notion where to look for them. On one famous occasion, there was present a high official of the A.A.A. who was also an executive of a big corporation, one of the biggest of its kind in America. He was correctly taken for the enemy, and the young men surrounded him to make little cracks at the existing system. Finally someone asked the great man for his opinion. Puffing affably at his cigar, he agreed that the day might well come when individualism would have to go to the ashcan, and the country make the things its people needed, and then see that they got them. "What!" a blonde little code-reviewer burst out, "you mean to say you're one of us?" and everyone gravely shook the great man's hand. Shortly afterwards (the moment the A.A.A. lost jurisdiction over the food codes) the great man went back to his corporation, leaving the young men with the feeling they had been swindled.

The attitude of the young men toward Mr. Roosevelt was curious. They were deeply devoted to him, but they did not trust him. The majority of them felt toward him as children feel toward a lovable but wayward father who needs constant watching to prevent him from falling into evil companionship. Whatever he did that was reactionary they put down to the sinister influences about him. For a time, these influences were personified in Messrs. Lewis Douglas and James Warburg. After it became obvious that Messrs. Douglas and Warburg could not be held responsible for many of the things Mr. Roosevelt did, the sinister influences were ascribed to "them." During the row over the steel code, "they" tended to be the United States Steel Corporation; during the fight over Mr. George N. Peek in the A.A.A., "they" were the Chicago packers. However, never once did the young men's affectionate regard for Mr. Roosevelt waver; never once did they dream of holding him blamable for his own acts.

The feeling of vague unhappiness that the young men had about Mr. Roosevelt led to plans for insurrection. As summer wore on, and it became less and less likely that the promises of the New Deal would be kept, some of the young men swore to one another that if Mr. Roosevelt moved any farther to the Right they would resign in a body. They used to sit around at night making lists of those they thought they could get to join them, up to the Assistant Secretaries of some of the Departments. I suppose they hoped Mr. Roosevelt would refuse their resignations, and promise not to listen to the sinister influences any longer. During last August and September, there must have been a dozen of these solemn meetings, with clasped hands and all, like a Macedonian blood brotherhood.

The power of the young men is today definitely

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time of Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration, were helpless prisoners of war and knew it, are back in control of the country's industrial system, apparently with Mr. Roosevelt's blessing. With a few notable exceptions, like the short-lived C.W.A., the generous and technically clever plans of the young men to force the economic machine to function for everyone's benefit have not been carried through and never will be. A handful of the young men who did not, perhaps, hold such exaggerated hopes of the potentialities of the New Deal as the others, are fairly philosophical about what has happened. They stick to their own jobs, fighting day in and day out and occasionally winning surprising victories. There are also a few young men who seem delighted just to be administration officials. They ride in government cars, take salutes from uniformed doormen, give interviews in confidence whitewashing the New Deal, and have become as smug and unpleasant bureaucrats as you will find anywhere.

What has happened to the rest of the young men? One group of them are those who know they are defeated and sidetracked, but have succeeded in comforting themselves with a belief in approaching catastrophe—a sort of New Deal Seventh Day Adventism. This group has many adherents in the A.A.A. and Mr. Hopkins' F.E.R.A. They say: "We are on the side of great, natural forces. Mr. Roosevelt's attempt to bolster up the present system by preserving old, cancerous debts, and by giving official support to monopoly capitalism, will not work. We are headed for a great smash, a worse one than that of March, 1933. When the smash comes, Mr. Roosevelt will know we have been right, and will turn again to us for advice." So they wait, peering ahead for the coming collapse, when the goats are going to be damned and the sheep herded on the right hand of the Heavenly Throne.

There is a final group of young men who do not take pride in their jobs, have not been titillated by bureaucratic authority and have not retreated headlong into a belief in a Judgment Day. These young men mutter that everything is all right, that Mr. Roosevelt is all right and that his last message to Congress was a charter for a new America; but you know they do not believe it. You know they are just managing to hang on, and are sick to the depths of their hearts.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Washington.

Labor Unity in Minneapolis

LABOR in the Twin Cities is heading toward action as "one big union." Craft divisions are proving less and less a barrier to united action in support of the militant truck drivers, whose second big strike in three months is now under way. It is a story of labor discontent, left-wing leadership and competent organization and planning.

In January the Minneapolis General Drivers' Union, Local 574, an A.F. of L. affiliate, had a membership of less than 200. It was a weak union, but active in its leadership were some "Trotskyites," members of the so-called "left opposition," the Communist League, disowned and opposed by the regular Communist party.

In February the union called a coal drivers' strike. It lasted only three days and the men went back to work without a major victory. But the real victory lay in the fact that they went back to work with a union; membership had increased to one thousand, and a body of men had learned some practical lessons from the experience of the strike. The union immediately started recruiting keymen in strategic locations for a drivers' general strike. They did not confine their efforts to drivers alone, but took in helpers, freight handlers, workers in the produce markets, oil-station men and other transportation workers.

This strike was timed for May because the move-

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ment of vegetables

height. A large garage was rented for strike headquarters. Electric lights, gas stoves, sinks and counters for the commissary were installed (work donated by the electricians' and plumbers' unions). A speakers' platform, with a microphone and public address system, was set up.

The city was divided into fifteen districts, with cruising squads of pickets in trucks, covering assigned beats, to stop all truck traffic except milk, ice and brewery trucks, which were not involved in the strike. (The milk-wagon drivers, brewery drivers, etc., have separate unions.) Squads of pickets were massed at strategic points on the highways, at bulk depots, in the commission market, and so forth. These groups kept in touch with headquarters through a reporting system, and when help was needed special squads of pickets were sent out.

All of this was arranged beforehand. Mimeographed instructions covering the setting up of field stations, the duties of mobile pickets and contact men were prepared. Skeletonizing the whole body of the strikers was the group that had gone through the February strike and knew the ropes.

For the first three days of the strike, opposition was ineffective. Then the employers, who so far had refused to negotiate, chose the commission market as the key point and tried to move trucks under police guard. The strikers, who were picketing with bare hands, stopped the trucks but were thoroughly

strikers decided that both sides could use clubs. When the next attempt was made to move trucks, there were clubs on both sides. No trucks moved. Then the Citizens' Alliance (the employers' association) stepped in with the idea of hiring 1,500 special police to reinforce the regular police in guarding scab trucks at the market. The police and newspapers warned people to stay away from the market, but they came in thousands, and stood massed outside the lines of special police.

The crowd had no particular hostility toward the regular police—but they regarded the specials as strike-breakers. By noon the mere presence of this huge and hostile mass of people had shattered the morale of the specials. When the pickets charged they broke and ran. In the ensuing mêlée the regular police had to disarm the specials and take their badges away to protect them. The strikers were in possession of the market. That ended the use of special police. The employers and the police chief proposed a truce. The employers were to stop trying to move trucks, and the strikers were to stop picketing; the police would arrest anyone driving a truck in violation of the truce. In the meantime there would be negotiations.

While negotiations continued, one union after another walked out in sympathetic strike. The oil station men and the taxi drivers had come out. The Building Trades Council had voted for a sympathetic strike; this action simply put the question up to the various unions in the building trades. The iron workers, the electricians, the asbestos workers, the carpenters, the lathers, the plasterers, the building laborers, the painters and decorators were out on strike by the time of the settlement. Other unions were preparing to take strike votes, and were furnishing money and pickets.

No such militancy and enthusiasm were apparent before the strike. They came to the surface with a rush, in unexpected places, in the rank and file and in the leadership, under the stimulus of a well organized and determined struggle. But they had preliminaries. The cooks' and waitresses' unions were helping in the commissary, the printers had donated the printing of leaflets and the milk-wagon drivers had left one with every delivery of milk. The electricians, carpenters and plumbers had been asked for help in fitting up strike headquarters, and had given it. Many other types of coöperation in help or donations had been asked for and had come from various parts of the labor movement. These contacts had made an acquaintanceship, had established a precedent of coöperation that was helpful when the need for further coöperation arose.

The settlement that was finally reached did not include the closed shop, but the union was recognized, a board of arbitration was to be set up to adjust wages and hours, and union members won protection against discrimination by the provision that lay-offs were to be based on seniority, except

board. The settlement was not all that was desired, but the leaders felt that they had won about all that they could, they had gone as far as they could, and they wanted to save the union. And during the strike the membership had grown to between six and seven thousand.

After the settlement there was a day or two of breathing space and then the negotiations began. First the union had to deal with about fifty cases of blacklisting of strikers. About half of these were easily settled—a protest was enough. The others took pressure, in the form of boycotts, or one-hour to two-day strikes.

The wage negotiations were a different problem. The employers wanted the union to arbitrate with one firm at a time, a process that would have taken years, with the hundreds of employers of drivers concerned. Then there was controversy about which workers the union represented. The employers insisted that the union could deal only for drivers. The platform and inside-worker members were to be left out of negotiations.

A clever move to create friction was made by some of the employers. Without waiting for arbitration, they raised wages for drivers but not for platform or inside workers.

After a month of this the union met and decided to take up the question of striking again to force the employers to keep the agreement. They voted to invite representatives of all Minneapolis unions, the St. Paul drivers and petroleum workers, and the Farmers' Holiday Association to a conference to consider united action. The strike was set for July 16.

In the meantime the magazine of the International Teamsters, the parent A.F. of L. organization to which the General Drivers, the Milk Wagon Drivers, the Tea and Coffee Wagon Drivers, the Ice Wagon Drivers and all the rest are affiliated, came out with an article denouncing the leaders of Local 574 as "Communists" and traitors who could not be described in a decent publication. It said that the Minneapolis strike had been called without the support and against the wishes of the International, and incidentally remarked that the International is opposed to all sympathetic strikes.

But this did not stop preparations for the new strike, of which one of the most important features is the active coöperation between workers and farmers. Representatives of Local 574 met with representatives of the Farmers' Holiday Association and the officers of the Minneapolis Market Gardeners' Association to talk over arrangements for marketing of farm produce during the strike. The officials of the Minneapolis Market Gardeners previously were hostile to the strikers, because of experience in the last strike, but all are now coöperating.

Arrangements were made for temporary farmers' produce markets, outside the regular commission-

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ing by farmers will continue, but it will go on over the heads of the commission houses. Farm representatives who were somewhat hostile to the strikers at the outset have turned to and coöperated cordially in making these arrangements after the situation of the drivers and their desire to inconvenience the farmers as little as possible was made clear.

It remains to be seen whether the present keen spirit will bear fruit in more sympathetic strikes than occurred in May. The Central Labor Union has voted its support for a general strike but this merely puts the question up to the constituent unions and none of these has yet voted. After a bitter meeting the St. Paul truck drivers at which John Geary, vice-president of the International, and some local officers denounced any attempt to strike in support of the Minneapolis drivers, the St. Paul drivers failed to give a two-thirds vote in support of a sympathetic walk-out. But there was a majority in favor of such a move and a later strike vote may easily change the decision.

The employers have had more time to prepare, and they seem to be anxious for a showdown. The May strike was bitterly fought, but the July strike may bring harder battles. The drivers seem to be going in with more strength and more general support than they had before. For themselves, they are determined to force the employers to obey the document which they signed in May. The real issue of the strike is now: not merely the right of higher wages for men who ride trucks, but the right of labor unity.

Minneapolis, Minn. ANNE ROSS.

Washington Notes

Throbs from the Old War Drums—Where the New Deal Still Gets Some Votes—Doings Down on the Farm

A FEW days ago, Mr. Henry Fletcher, clad in a breechclout and wearing a pair of buffalo horns strapped upon his forehead, leaped from the Republican tepee at Jackson, Michigan, rattling the sacred gourd and brandishing the magic javelin. This week Mr. Jim Farley, similarly accoutered, begins dancing westward from Washington, followed by the low, throbbing beat of tom-toms manipulated by Senator J. Hamilton Lewis. Another campaign is upon us. The spectacle is nostalgic, soothing, like all ancient rituals.

However, to me the ancient ritual seems stagier and less convincing than in previous years. One concrete reason for this, I think, is The Literary Digest poll. If Dr. Wirt, Senator Smith and Representative McGugin are seeking in good faith the agency that is upsetting our traditional American customs, they will forget about communists and brain trusts, and turn their attention upon The Literary Digest's editors.

Before The Literary Digest polls, political campaigns took on interest from the fact that even seasoned political observers were frequently at a loss to know how the voting would go. In the newspapers of the summer of 1924, for example, you find the Washington correspondents almost unanimously predicting that because of the Teapot Dome scandal Mr. Robert M. La Follette, senior, would either defeat Mr. Coolidge or throw the election into the House of Representatives. Now that we have the Literary Digest polls—however much students dispute their exact degree of statistical validity—this uncertainty no longer exists. The frenzied dancing of the Republican and Democratic national chairman, instead of being a ceremony from which we might gain important magical information about the future, becomes just frenzied dancing.

Politicians in Washington are both worried and pleased by the trends indicated in the Literary Digest poll. Compared with the poll of 1932, this one shows a shift of votes to Mr. Roosevelt in the North and East, except in Indiana; a shift away from Mr. Roosevelt west of the Mississippi, and a shift away from him in the Deep South. From the politicians' point of view, the shift in the South is of no importance, since it will vote Democratic in any case.

The popularity of the New Deal in the North and East seems to have shocked the Republicans, and forced an overnight change in their campaign. Apparently Chairman Fletcher hoped to fight under the banner: "Down with Bureaucracy"—bureaucracy meaning primarily the N.R.A. Since the publication of the final Literary Digest figures, Mr. Fletcher has switched to approval of the N.R.A., merely adding that the Republicans wish to make certain improvements in its functioning. These "improvements," which Mr. Fletcher did not name, seem to mean chiefly the dropping of all pretense at enforcing the labor provisions in Section 7a. Such a pledge, given secretly, may aid Republican collectors in getting money, but it can hardly be turned into a mass appeal for votes. Perhaps the most depressing fact in the Literary Digest poll, to the Republicans, is the 56,525 majority given by Pennsylvania to the New Deal. The reëlection prospects of Senator Reed, last remaining leader of the orthodox Republicans, look fairly black.

The Literary Digest figures for the Middle West, however, bring Mr. Fletcher a few crumbs of comfort. Apparently the Republicans are planning to make their campaign in two sections, carefully soundproofed from each other. In the farming states, the N.R.A. is undisguisedly hated for its share in boosting the prices of overalls, rubber boots and barbed wire. While no Republican voice will be raised against the N.R.A. nationally, local Republican orators will be instructed to go for it like terriers after a rat. Since nothing Senator Borah says can be blamed on the Republican National Committee, the Senator will be urged to hit the N.R.A. as frequently and savagely as possible. Mr. John Hamilton, the wonder-youth from Kansas who has just been named Republican vice-chairman, is to be confined to the West, where his campaign against Mr. Roosevelt cannot be overheard by the pro-New Deal voters of the great Eastern cities.

According to the Literary Digest figures, the shift of sentiment in the Middle West away from Mr. Roosevelt is not great; in Kansas and Iowa there has been almost no change since 1932, in Nebraska he has three percent less support and in South Dakota 5.83 percent. Nevertheless,

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the fact that there is even a slight turning away from the New Deal is intensely disappointing to the Democrats. The dislike of the farmer for the N.R.A. has long been recognized in Washington, but there was a general hope that the A.A.A. and the Farm Credit Administration would more than compensate for the N.R.A.'s shortcomings.

Paradoxically enough, one reason why the A.A.A. and Farm Credit Administration have failed to gain more enthusiasm is, it seems, that they have regimented the farmer too little. Far from being autocratic, they have been altogether too democratic and slack. Their intricate activities have been entrusted to scratch committees of local farmers —county credit associations and county crop-reduction groups—under the casual supervision of county agents of the Department of Agriculture. The A.A.A. and Farm Credit Administration, that in Washington look to be all intelligence, clarity and purposefulness, to a farmer on the Kansas prairie stand personified in a neighbor living down the road, or in some superannuated county agent, neither of whom may have more than the dimmest notion of the programs' aims.

Faithful to the ideal of democratic procedure, the A.A.A. and the Farm Credit Administration here in Washington have attempted to deal with each farmer individually. In the wheat-reduction scheme alone, the A.A.A. entered into contracts with 550,000 farmers in 1,450 county associations. The sheer mechanical labor of these transactions is staggering. For entirely legitimate reasons, the checks for the wheat farmers were almost six months late; some of the corn-and-hog checks are just now being mailed. Refunding mortgages has been a slow, complicated job. To a Middle West farmer, living miserably on potatoes and scanty home-canned vegetables, with egg money as his only cash and a mortgage over his head, and with farm prices rising much more slowly than prices of manufactured goods —to such a farmer the badly understood, highly technical programs of the A.A.A. and Farm Credit Administration must often have seemed cruel frauds. Yet the tangles and delays have for the most part been the fault of the farmer himself. They could have been avoided only if the A.A.A. and Farm Credit Administration had placed a brisk, businesslike corps of officials in the field and drilled the farmers like regimental recruits. Rapid, fundamental changes involving millions of people can be carried through effectively only by semi-military means: General Johnson's methods were right, it was only the objectives of the N.R.A. that were mistaken.

Wheat is likely to go higher, and those farmers who have any to sell will get good prices. The corn-and-hog checks ought to make the Middle West feel more cheerful. But even if the A.A.A. does not succeed in redeeming itself in the eyes of the farmer before November, Mr. Farley should not despair. The Democrats can lose every congressional district in the five farm states that show an anti-Roosevelt trend in the Literary Digest poll, and in addition lose half the Indiana delegation, and still lose only thirty-five seats. Because this is a non-presidential year and the country is normally Republican, Mr. Farley is likely to drop scattered seats in other states as well, but the Democratic majority in the present House is 191, and he can afford to.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Commission's First and Vital Step—Keeping the Exchange Responsible—A Labyrinth of Loopholes

THE NEWLY installed Securities and Exchange Commission will face as its first major function the admission of the various existing exchanges of the country to registry. At this point it will have its first opportunity to enforce reforms in the organization of the exchanges themselves. What is quite as important, it will have the power to compel certain changes in existing organizations and force certain requirements that will make the subsequent administration of the act far more effective.

Under Section 6, all existing exchanges that decide to continue in business must apply for registry. Thus the New York Stock Exchange must file with the commission an application for registry. The commission must act on that within thirty days. With that application a mass of data about the Exchange's organization must be submitted. More important, the commission must determine:

1. Whether the rules of the Exchange provide for the proper disciplining of members for unfair and inequitable trading or for violations of the act;
2. Whether the Exchange is so organized "as to be able to comply with the provisions of this title as to rules and regulations thereunder, and that the rules and regulations of the Exchange are just and adequate to insure fair dealing and to protect investors."

I think it is a fair assumption that thirty days is not a sufficient time in which to make such an examination of the New York Stock Exchange or the Curb Exchange. There should be a careful scrutiny and investigation of the Exchange's method at the very threshold of this experiment in regulation. What is more, the public should be given a full opportunity to see the data submitted by the Exchange, to study them and to file objections. There should be open hearings on the subject, with opportunity for every critic and every student of the subject to submit objections, suggestions or discussion. Under the act the commission may compel the applicant for registry to consent to postponement of action on its application.

It is another fair assumption, I take it, that the New York Stock Exchange will attempt to hurry through the registry of its application. The first test of the commission, therefore, will come when this important function is invoked. It is understood that the whole subject of the registering of exchanges, the listing of corporate securities and the registering of new corporate issues under the Securities Act will be under a department presided over by Commissioner Mathews. The responsibility for the primary framing of basic rules on this important first step in regulation will be his. There is, therefore, good reason to hope that the subject will receive sympathetic attention.

Already in Wall Street the demand is going up for swift action on all these things. Let us get the business of registering the exchanges and the framing of rules for their guidance over with as quickly as possible so that "business" may know where it stands and get on with the effort toward recovery. This cry will grow louder and more

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strident as the days pass. The commission should disregard it. This is the moment when it can lay the foundation for intelligent and effective regulation for the future. That moment should not be passed over in the interest of haste or an advance of a few months in the recovery schedule.

One of the first objects to be scrutinized in the initial organization of the exchanges is the insistence upon responsibility of the exchange for the primary enforcement of laws and rules, and above all, the supplying of data to the commission at its own expense. At the first sign of a pool the commission will want the facts. These facts it can get in one of two ways. It can put its accountants into the offices of the suspected brokers and into the Stock Clearing Corporation and get the facts itself, or it can compel the Exchange to perform that service. Such an investigation is always an enormously extensive and complex operation. The duty of making it should rest upon the Exchange itself. The commission should see to it that in the initial organization the right of the Exchange to collect its data from its members is not relaxed and the right of the commission to compel its exercise is recognized. Unless this is done, the commission's request for data will be met with the reply that the information is not in the possession of the Exchange as such, but in the offices of member firms, and that the commission has the power to go into those offices. The commission has the power to go into those offices, but the power should be lodged with the exchange authorities and the admission to registry should require that the power shall be exercised whenever demanded by the commission.

Unless this is done a heavy expense will be thrown on the government in the first place, and the interest of the Exchange in maintaining a pool-free institution will be diminished. The very necessity of making these investigations will give the Exchange authorities an interest in adopting and enforcing measures against pool operations.

This will furnish a clew to other features of the relation between exchanges and the commission. The responsibility of the exchanges to support the act, to prevent and punish violations of it, must not only be recognized, but at the moment when an exchange is admitted to registry the commission must see to it that the exchange possesses the powers and implements essential to policing its floor, its members firms, its subsidiary corporations.

But there are other equally important considerations. The New York Stock Exchange now operates through a number of corporations—corporations that carry on the various functions of clearance, ownership of premises, operation of the ticker and so on. The Exchange is an unincorporated institution and is in fact a holding company for these corporate subsidiaries. No one can tell at this point to what extent evasions of the act can be carried by the well known devices of corporate affiliates, holding companies in series and so on. That the ingenuity of exchange lawyers will be employed on this problem can hardly be doubted. The Exchange has been considering for years the establishment of its own bank. This would be a bank owned by the Exchange and held by its directors either in trust for it or for its members. It might not be an outright bank, but a lending institution that could provide itself with funds through some ingenious variation of the ordinary banking technique. Now, then, before the Exchange is admitted to registry, is the time to be certain that it shall not in any way, by any device, by any corporate scheme, directly or indirectly or through its members, engage in any activity not specially authorized by the commission. Therefore, the rules of the Exchange should provide that no corporation owned or held in trust for the Exchange, or owned by its members or any affiliate of any character or any unincorporated group, can own stock in any other corporation or engage in any business without first obtaining authorization from the commission.

There are other important initial precautions to be observed which I shall take the liberty of submitting to the commission later. JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Donovan and Silverman vs. the N.R.A.—A Dubious Principle of Silence—Fired for Performance of Duty

THE REPORT in this column two weeks ago discussing the dismissal of John Donovan and Dr. A. G. Silverman from the staff of the Labor Advisory Board, has provoked a critical reply from an official of the Recovery Administration, which, in summing up, makes the following points:

> The official concedes that General Johnson's action in discharging Donovan at the time that he was representing another employee in his capacity as president of the N.R.A. employees' union was ill advised. He argues, however, that the union is ill advised in supporting Donovan because Donovan has been guilty of "neglect of duties, unwarranted absences and other improprieties."

This seems an untenable position. In the circumstances of Donovan's dismissal what union worthy of the name would not fight for its president? His capability as a worker becomes a minor, if not irrelevant, question—especially since the accusation of inefficiency and insubordination is the customary formula for getting rid of obstreperous labor organizers. Dr. Peck's charges against Donovan are, of course, open to question. Staff members of the Advisory Board have gone on record testifying to his efficiency and ability, and Deputy Administrators on the important codes for which Donovan was labor advisor—Paper and Pulp, and Lumber—have spoken of his good work in their fields. But even if Dr. Peck's opinion were entirely justified, this would hardly condone the union-busting tactics used by Johnson. That the Advisory Board has not seen the case in this light and has failed to protest the General's conduct simply substantiates what Donovan and Silverman have been saying—that the Board's defense of the rights in Section 7a is weak and vacillating.

Dr. Silverman's case, the letter asserts, was simpler: He was discharged

> for issuing a statement to the press attacking the N.R.A. and Sidney Hillman and Dr. Peck, his chief. . . . It is his privilege of course to differ with the Board . . . but to attack them in

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same time expect to hold his job merely reveals the character of the man. . . . Silverman was not a member of the N.R.A. union and the union has refused to support him.

It is undisputed that Dr. Silverman violated the N.R.A. gag rule, which prohibits employees from making public statements without the approval of their superiors. He did not do this, however, in the expectation of retaining his position. For the Washington press, two days before Dr. Silverman issued his criticism of the Advisory Board, had already carried a charge of Dr. Peck that a report on the cotton-garment industry, prepared by Silverman, was "lousy." Quite understandably, Dr. Silverman interpreted this not only as an attack on his professional ability as chief statistician of the Advisory Board, but also as a strong hint that he was already on the way out. Rather than resign under fire, he decided to force the issue.

The statement that Dr. Silverman was not a member of the union is inaccurate. He joined the day of Donovan's dismissal and two days later led a staff delegation to Dr. Peck's office to protest the N.R.A.'s action. (It was after this meeting that Dr. Peck made his charge that Silverman's work on the cotton-garment report had been "lousy.") Likewise, I believe the statement that the union is not supporting Dr. Silverman is misleading. For while Matthew Boyd, a member of the union's grievance committee, did issue a statement declaring that the union had nothing to do with Silverman's action in attacking the Advisory Board and, in fact, opposed it, the union has since disavowed this statement as an expression of its stand.

But all of these points, raised by the letter, skirt the main issue, which is the labor policy of the Advisory Board. Donovan and Silverman have maintained that the Board, because of its make-up, has centered its interests and efforts on A.F. of L. workers and neglected the problems of the large number of unorganized workers. The letter asserts that these policies are not within the province of "statisticians and research clerks." Aside from the unfairness of so characterizing Donovan and Silverman, both of whom held responsible posts, the principle itself seems something less than adequate.

Both Donovan and Silverman were engaged in analytical work that was basic to a realistic labor policy. Their reports on various industries repeatedly showed widespread non-compliance. Obviously, if the Board is to have any meaning for labor as a whole it should translate the evidence in these reports into action—action that will bring enforcement of the labor provisions of the codes. It should take a militant stand for the rights of collective bargaining so that organized workers themselves could force compliance. It was for espousing these policies that Donovan and Silverman believe they were marked as "insubordinate" and "inefficient." What the real question seems to be is the Board's labor policy. Aside from the fact that Silverman embarrassed the work of the Board by his public statement, there remains the question whether his view was not correct.

Probably no one is under the illusion that genuine collective bargaining has prospered in recent months. How precious little headway has actually been made is suggested in the recent study of the National Industrial Conference Board. The report shows changes in methods of employer-employee dealing between last November and this May, and covers 2,975 identical manufacturers and mining companies. The shifts, as they affected numbers of wage earners, were as follows:

	November 1933	May 1934
Dealing Individually	1,104,356	1,055,352
Company Unions	1,075,062	1,307,687
Labor Unions	215,411	273,808
Total.....	2,394,829	2,636,847

Thus, while labor unions gained not quite 60,000 members, company unions added 230,000—nearly four times as many. In terms of percentages of total workers affected, the increase in company unions was from 44.9 to 49.6, while that of labor unions was from 9.0 to 10.4. This reflects an astonishing slowing up in the organization of workers since the Board's November study, which revealed that 61 percent of the company-union and 42 percent of the labor-union agreements reported had been adopted since the N.R.A. These figures, it should be noted, do not measure union membership; they measure what is more to the point —the ways in which workers are actually dealing with their employers. Measured in these terms, the contribution of the N.R.A. toward genuine bargaining has been, not surprisingly, pretty feeble. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Attorney for the Defense[1]

In Los Angeles
Captain Hynes' Red Squad
Used to bludgeon
The fear of God
And Mayor Porter
And Chief of Police Steckel
Into the Reds.
And you used to go
Almost every day
To hear what the Public Prosecutor
Would have to say,
And the almighty Judge—
All of whom followed orders
Which came from above
And were loudly praised
By The Los Angeles Times.
In Germany it couldn't have been
Very much different.
There too were the Captain and the Judge
And the Führer who gave orders from Above
And the papers that printed articles
On the Marxist Menace.
The principal difference being
That in Germany some of them got free,
Whereas in Los Angeles The
Los Angeles Times still prints
Articles about the German Atrocities
And never so much as hints,
About El Centro and San José.

R. W. WILEY.

[1] This poem received honorable mention in The New Republic's Reichstag Fire Trial poetry contest.—THE EDITORS.

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Ring Around the Roses

ONLY THROUGH a pleasant amiability, or through some artistic imagination, could we get some of the gentler details of Herrick's life. In the most recent book about him[1] it could hardly be imagination, considering diverse pages that occur. But the love in the Herrick family circle is happily conveyed, and its items are chosen from the papers preserved at Beaumanor, a family house, that are human and strangely articulate. For example, the poet's kinsman at Beaumanor was a well known jeweler and banker, and we are given some of King James' pearl bills—"20 ozs. of fringed perles of one sort, for the furniture of the King's Majesties saddle, at 50s. the oz.," or among other items, "faire round perles for the panes of His Majesties hose, £320." Indeed, during June of 1604 the King paid respectively £6,422 9s. 7½d. and £8,723 9s. 7½d. for pearls bought of this firm. And where so much of the Elizabethan that we have had given us roars, struts and rants or bawdies, we get here the letter from John, "his loving father," to Nicholas, Robert's father, when Nicholas married Julian Stone:

> We wysshe ourselffs that we had been with youe at your weddyng; but the tyme of the year is so that it has been painful for your moder and me to have ridden such a journay: the dais being so short, the way so foule, cheffeley being so olde and onweldy as we be both; and specyally your mother hath such paine in one of hir kne-bones that she cannot go many tyms about the house without a staff in her hand; and I myselffe have had for the space of all-most this halffe yeare mych paine of my right sholder that I cannot get on my gowne without help.

At the time of Nicholas' suicide, ten years later, old John was dead and his wife aged and lame, though she lived, as her tombstone says, to be ninety-seven and "did see before her departure, of her children, and children's children and their children, to the number of 142."

Parallel to these human items are a series of quotations from great and good men, evidently, who have written on Herrick or on mortal life. I quote some of these partly for the irony of their preservation; partly because they and their tone are so unfamiliar already to many a reader as to acquire the charm of curiosities; and partly because they serve a point to be made about the critical approach to poets like Herrick.

Among the critics Dr. Grosart, "whose noble Memorial Introduction (1876) was a tremendous labor of love," had reservations concerning some of Herrick's poetry, and would permit only "Selections" to come into the hands of the women of his family. Professor Pollard (1891) put the epigrams by themselves in an appendix. Ernest Rhys (1908) put asterisks in place of the offending lines. Moorman in 1912, however, observed that "coarse scurrility" was in Herrick's time "looked upon as an essential element in the making of a satiric epigram." We should probably be right, Canon Beeching said, in "treating as creatures of the imagination all of the fair sex whose names are not given at length." Critics differ, we are told on this point; among them Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editing a volume of selections, lists all Herrick's ladies as "phantoms dancing—as they should not have danced—" through Herrick's brain. Grosart, on the contrary, thought that under these fanciful names a real love story is concealed, some "disappointment in a first love, constraining his bachelorhood." Shifting to other aspects, we read what William Winter on his pilgrimage to "Shakespeare's England" fifty years ago, seeing the roses, wrote: "It may seem an extravagance to say, but it is certainly true, that these rich, firm, brilliant flowers affect you like creatures of flesh and blood. They are, in this respect, only to be described as like nothing in the world so much as the bright lips and blushing cheeks of the handsome English women who walk among them and vie with them in health and loveliness."

"Delicately sensitive to beauty," the author says of Herrick, "naturally affectionate and demonstrative, he was highly susceptible to feminine charm. His poor heart was always in a state of flutter and his pen constantly aquiver." (In sum Ye Olde Gift Shoppe.)

The subject of the many mistresses' reality or identity has plainly excited many of Herrick's critics. Mrs. Easton gives us various judgments, and as her main contribution writes paraphrases of Herrick's poems to this girl or that. Of the epigrams, Morley said that though Herrick might offend grossly against modern convention, he was never immoral. Mrs. Easton declares: "Wanton he is, unchaste, immodest, often; but except for the coarse and vulgar epigrams, not obscene, not 'foul, filthy and disgusting.'" "Moreover, the wantonness of Herrick's verse is, it may be said, a wholesome wantonness of healthy, lusty youth," she says. In our own day, she adds, William De Witt Hyde in his "The Quest of the Best," a little collection of lectures on Ethics for his students when he was president of Bowdoin College, said, "Boys are by nature licentious. . . . And it is the coarse, sensual aspect of sex that catches the boy's imagination. The boy was never reared to manhood who has not indulged in bad thoughts. . . ."

But the concluding chapter makes everything right for Herrick. "Beauty was his inspiration. . . ." "He had a tender and exquisite appreciation of beauty unadorned, beauty in its daintiest forms, the dewdrop, the violet, the blush on the maiden's cheek." This is, certainly, putting it very mildly, since the poet's extended appreciation of unadorned beauty was such as to cause some of these very blushes, perhaps, among his maidens, and, indubitably, among his critics. However, despite his failure in rosy reserve, there are, for this present volume at least, enough daffidowndillies, joysome vales, quaint customs and pansies to redeem his name without denying his genius.

The best discussion in the book is that on the "Noble Numbers," Herrick's religious poems. We more easily forget here his own lines—

> Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
> Had broke her Wheele, or crackt her axeltree—

and what might have been on Olympus disturbing anew to the conventions, is in our Zion more comfortable for everybody.

The point I wanted most to make is this: how much simpler the whole discussion of Herrick and his life might

[1] Youth Immortal: A Life of Robert Herrick, by Emily Easton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 234 pp.

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artistic ideals and patterns of his epoch (both scale and masculinity might thus be added to the criticism of him); and how much more ease, scope and catholicity the whole discussion of his poetry would have if seen against the epoch's painting, in which those little loves, goddesses, garlands and landscapes exhibit a like abundance of motive and detail, freedom and lyricism, and precision in creation.

STARK YOUNG.

TWO COMMUNICATIONS

Ruth Morgan

1870-1934

Though Miss Ruth Morgan, who died on March 11 of this year, was little known outside the group of her friends and those who worked with her in the causes to which she was devoted, she was a person of unusual qualities of intellect and character. The New Republic has therefore invited two of her friends, Dr. Richard C. Cabot and Mrs. Leonard K. Elmhirst, to contribute to its pages personal statements regarding her.—THE EDITORS.

SIR: Intense vitality and vivacity, founded in a splendid physique, dark sparkling eyes, high color, quick movements, rapid smiling speech, kept Ruth Morgan brimming with energy and full of fun. It was natural for her to say "Yes," to sympathize, approve, support and encourage. It was hard for her to say "No," even when she knew that it needed to be said. Like most Americans, she was a practical person. Though she was interested also in ideas, in beauty and in art, it was their immediate and practical bearings that engaged her. She read rapidly and in many directions, but usually for information about her daily interests or about her friends. She had no favorite authors and only a general interest in literature and science. She was too busy making other people happy.

She never went to school, and though she had excellent tutors and attended many "classes," she later realized and regretted her lack of training. Always intensely devoted to her family and to her friends, the burdens and responsibilities of an adult came upon her in place of her normal youth, and were perhaps in part responsible for her never learning to play. In her plan of life, recreation was for others; almost never for herself. Her father's early death and her own surplus eagerness and capacity made her assume home duties very early. She seized upon the care of her brother, seven years younger than herself. He became "*her* child," not because of the need for her, but because of her passion for children. She was also devoted to child-like qualities in grown people. "Children," she wrote in 1917, "are on the whole more loving, trusting, believing and forgiving than their elders, and *this is the divine temper.* All women know this to be true, though perhaps men do not. Our fate is to be children forever, and in some way or other we must attain a spiritual childhood."

To recognize and to create this spiritual childhood was throughout life her central enthusiasm, even when she seemed devoted to impersonal civic interests, such as feminism and peace. Yet she recognized dangers in her impulse [illegible] she loved. She said jokingly that it was lucky she had no children of her own because she certainly would have spoiled them. She knew that it was hard for her not to "spoil" other people too. "It almost kills me to think of opposing people that I care for even when I know they are wrong." "I would have been afraid to go to Aunt Ruth for advice," said one of those closest to her, "if I knew that perhaps the answer I needed would be disagreeable for me."

Because the joy of her life was to give freely and swiftly to those in need, she was irritated by the caution of professional social workers, when after her grandmother's death in 1897 she inherited the family tradition of civic usefulness. Social workers seemed to her busy in endless, soulless investigation, without giving any definite help in the end. This antagonism, together with her native interest in medical work (three of her best friends were doctors), drew her in 1906 into the service of Bellevue Hospital in New York. There she organized "medical-social" work for the sick and gave three mornings a week to it for many years. With her eager generosity and tender-heartedness, it was natural for her to think of her work at Bellevue as a series of "acute social emergencies." "Some people," she wrote, "are annoyed at our emergency attitude, our lack of deliberation, our sense of crisis. But medical social work chooses to meet humanity at the crises of their lives. Our breathless attitude is as natural as that of a fireman at a fire." To the nurses engaged in this work, and especially to Miss Wadley, their ardent and devoted chief, Ruth Morgan gave the constant support of her generous, loyal soul. She raised the funds, she organized a large corps of volunteer assistants, and helped by her joy in the work to maintain the enthusiasm of the workers. Caution about budgets and the giving of money was foreign to her instincts in home life as well as at the hospital. Yet with her keen sense of justice and of humor she granted that she might be wrong. "Your nasty system is working well," she acknowledged when her sister installed one for the family expenses. " 'The Widow's Cruse,' " writes one of those nearest to her, "was to her a story with a moral, and its application held the promise of a never disappointing miracle."

When America entered the War, in 1917, she went to France, and from September, 1917, to December, 1919, she was in Paris as one of the five High Commissioners of the American Red Cross, which organized recreation huts near each of the American base-hospitals scattered over France, supplied extra nurses and hospital equipment at the front and also gave largely to the relief of the French civil population.

As I saw Miss Morgan's work in France, its greatest value was in her capacity to interpret military authorities to distinguished ladies and *vice versa.* She was all her life a reconciler and an interpreter. In France she spoke not only French and English; she spoke the military language and understood the workings of the military mind. She also spoke the language of the fashionable and "important" women. She explained and defended each to each. More than that, she sometimes interpreted and reconciled discordant military authorities. Possessing the "inside dope" on everything, she arranged workable compromises between irritated and antagonistic groups. She was the confidante of many august personages of both sexes who in public were

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polite to each other and seemed unruffled, but confided to her their wrath and their despair. It was characteristic of her to understand them all, to defend each to each, to soothe them and to make them feel that, after all, life was bearable. Here is her own account of it:

> Meetings, interviews, organizing, adjusting incipient misunderstandings, helping somebody else's machine to go a little more smoothly—it is all just like my life in New York. Well, someone has to do it. But meantime I have a perfect yearning to do something real for the soldiers. The manual jobs, nursing and canteening, are the ones surely useful.

This, too, was like her life in New York, where she was forever involved in impersonal administrative jobs when she wanted to spend herself in direct personal service to people that she cared for. This tension was never overcome. But gradually in France her work became more specialized:

"I have made an odd place for myself here, to 'handle' the ladies for the men of the Red Cross, that is, to represent the 'men's committee' of the Red Cross in their dealings with various bodies of women living here [in Paris]. It is both unpopular and difficult, but I shall try it." It needed all her extraordinary tact to deal with these "great ladies," who were on the spot before she came, who had often important political connections and who were as temperamental as prima donnas.

She also had to deal tactfully with the men. "I've been talking to Red Cross majors about the beauties of nature to see if they have any sense . . . It is a good piece of education but it has revealed my own shortcomings in training very clearly."

February 20, 1918, she became one of the three members of the Red Cross Finance Committee (its only executive committee) to which all projects and appropriations were referred for decision. The amounts of money involved were large and the projects (housing French refugees, setting up hospitals, etc.) far reaching. She was the only woman on this committee and she was glad of the opportunity, but her native feminism still voiced its misgivings:

> The men here are the whole thing. They are as nice as they can be, very able and unselfish, but woman still takes second place. Just the day that they decided to recognize her (in me) I got a letter from a lady at home saying that only anti-suffragists and man-pleasers get on with the Red Cross authorities in Paris. This last awful title alarmed me a good deal, knowing my native servility (noted by you). So I am trying to cultivate a sense of my rights and to believe that I am only the Cause of Woman after all and nothing personal.

Through all this dull and worrying work she carried, as she always did, her high spirits. "I never saw any one so efficient," says one of her collaborators on the Finance Committee, "who had also so much fun in her. She kept us all laughing when there was plenty to make us irritable. We had to discourage a great many expensive and useless projects proposed by 'big' people. She always had the job of breaking the news to these people and letting them down easily, without offending them. She could be very firm, but always with smiles and jokes and wonderful tact. She had absolutely no prima-donna ambitions for herself and always kept her [illegible]

Soon after her return from France she threw herself into the work for peace which appealed to her all the more, because, as she said:

> The woman movement and the peace movement are neatly tied together. In spite of being peacefully inclined to ignore difficulties, women must now train themselves to fight for the demolition of the war system. When the appeal to force has come, woman has always been at a disadvantage. All she could do was to stand about with very long thick hair down to her knees while two men fought each other, the idea being that if a lie was in question the dead man had told a lie and the surviving man the truth. Her reward was invariably the same. The one honorable fight of our time is the struggle to relegate war to the place of last resort.

In the service of the "Committee on the Cause and Cure of War," which unites eleven women's organizations under the leadership of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Miss Morgan raised the budget and worked hard in the organization. She was a delegate to international conferences in Berlin, Belgrade, Amsterdam, London and elsewhere, studied the difficult problems involved and made herself an acceptable speaker, which she had hitherto thought impossible. In the critical questions involved she kept "the middle of the road." She was for "gradual disarmament to the point of a police force," and for war "only as a last resort." She was sometimes called a radical by the more conservative of her co-workers. As a matter of fact, the cause of peace was to her nothing less than a new coming of Christ's Kingdom and she a soldier of the Cross.

Along with her peace work, she was active in the leadership of the League of Women Voters, continuing in this body her early and vivid interest in women's suffrage. During her last years, she was often in Washington, representing this organization in conference first with President Hoover and later with President Roosevelt. She had many personal interviews with members of Congress as well as with state Governors and city officials. To raise money and to argue with politicians seemed to her essential to an efficient interest in civic work. Merely to pass resolutions or to write to one's congressman seemed to her to show too feeble an interest in one's civic duties. " 'Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry.' I have never found this a cynical speech. The divine power to go forward is ours when we also keep our powder dry . . . I believe that the day will come when as Christians we shall recognize that 'the terrible meek' was first shown in the character of Christ."

In religion, as in politics, she expected and absorbed without catastrophe the changes in current opinion as each arrived. Brought up as a Republican in politics and as an Episcopalian in religion, she found herself in later years quite far from the older tenets of both groups. As she never cherished any all-inclusive dogma, political or religious, she did not become discouraged or disillusioned when her views changed. But especially in religion she criticized herself severely during the last ten years of her life:

> As far back as I can remember I feel [illegible]

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inner life with God and an outer expression in usefulness. Between eighteen and thirty-five any effort to connect emotional experience with responsibility to society or to individuals ceased. If you were useful and affectionate to others *in ways agreeable and acceptable to them* you had fulfilled the whole of Christian living. . . . Later there arose in my mind a doubt whether I was giving to others the best I had myself received. I had begun at an early age to take Christian life easy when it was obviously meant to be hard, for others as well as for myself. I came to regard the absence of friction, worry and discomfort as the main object of Christian family living, a view which gradually tended to coldness in feeling and to shallowness in intercourse. . . . In the past two years [this was written at Christmas, 1923] three of my convictions have been overthrown:

1. *That what people want is in the main what they need.* Pursuing this, I have tried to increase happiness by helping others to obtain their wishes (when not obviously harmful).

2. *That the unselfish pursuit of this aim would bring automatic fulfilment to my life.*

3. *That in times of suffering the good soul* (like the Arctic explorer) considers his margin of safety and his powers of endurance and then *portions out time, strength and adaptability as the explorer does his scanty food.*

I see now that I have never given my spiritual best, but on the contrary have ministered to and encouraged other people's needs and wants; that a service that does not put a way of living with God first of all results in excessive self-suppression; and that no group can work coöperatively or without painful misunderstanding if the best and deepest experiences of its members are withheld. It is condemned to meet on the lowest level.

Last year [1925] I undertook:

1. To resign from clubs, boards, etc., and reduce speeches, meetings and conferences to a minimum.

2. To frustrate temperamental moods by exercise and rest.

3. To simulate feelings if you have them not. If cheerfulness, amiability and calm are necessary to other people's lives, to put on the appearance of them is better than nothing.

4. To cultivate simple relationships to God (Bible reading and prayer) as a means of including human relationships, daily decisions and difficulties, and not as an escape from them.

The effect of these four resolutions was to put me out of a weak, amateur class of work, to diminish all moods and to make me more satisfactory to others. And lastly, concentration on regular Bible reading has brought an astonishing newness to the text.

When cancer of the lung attacked her and ended her life within three months, she wanted for herself none of the protection from plain speaking and medical facts that once she had tried so desperately to spread between her sister (dying of the same disease) and the stark realities. She was a realist about herself though about no one else. She early suspected the disease, called it by name, inquired its probable duration and was interested in all the technique of palliation, but would not go to a hospital and, until a day or two from the end, was downstairs daily and poured ment of self-pity. Her remaining strength was spent in trying to make the situation as easy as possible for the family around her. When a niece burst out: "Aunt Ruth, you are magnificent!" she answered, "No, not magnificent, only practical. You see, I've always believed that there was a better world after this. I've always felt a tinge of envy for the people who die. I've never laid hold on life. I've always felt detached. My religion isn't like yours or Mamma's or Mr. Fosdick's, but it is doing its work for me."

The word "impossible" was foreign to her, and the word "fear." The beauty of her life was joyous, all embracing, torrential in giving. She radiated a sense of security, of delight in life and of limitless hope.

RICHARD C. CABOT.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: May I, in all humility, try to express through your pages my appreciation of Ruth Morgan. It is no easy task, for her life was lived in such big dimensions that any attempt at formulation is limiting.

As many others have testified, Ruth Morgan was in her public life the most unselfish and inspiring of leaders, for she sought no personal rewards, but worked with unflagging energy for the cause she held at heart. Her eagerness never clouded her ability to see the real nature of the difficulties she encountered, nor was she ever misled into making assumptions dictated merely by hope. Despite frequent disillusionment she worked with unremitting effort and a valiant determination to achieve her purposes, whether in the field of public health, of women's work and opportunities or of international relations. With a mind that worked like a flash of lightning and penetrated straight to the core of the matter where others often fumbled, she yet contrived to make her slower-witted companions feel that they had played an invaluable part in any common deliberation. Her wit enlivened every meeting and every conversation, and yet it was never used at anyone's expense. She had the attitude of a statesman, in that her aims were definite and clear, her purpose courageous and her proposals carefully planned step by step as the result of a logical, concrete attack. And no amount of criticism could shake her determination once she had embarked on the course that seemed to her right.

In her personal life Ruth Morgan brought the utmost concentration of heart and mind to human relationships. Endeavoring always to build up the confidence and courage of those with whom she lived and worked by helping them to understand their own aims and processes, she made it possible for them to attain to a clearer, deeper consciousness of themselves and of what they were attempting to do. She could sense a need long before it was spoken, and she could divine the source of hidden difficulties with unerring insight. But above all she drove towards awareness, towards greater mental clarity, towards a conscious unity of the whole personality. Her generosity was boundless, not only in the giving of material gifts but, far more, in the unstinted giving of time and thought and energy to those who needed her. She thought nothing of traveling several hundred miles for a few hours with a friend, and in order to enter more fully into the life and thought of someone she loved I have known her to spend days and weeks in the midst of her life reading all the books, all the written and

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printed material, that had assumed importance to her friend. She so profoundly identified herself with those she loved that their lives flowed into hers and drew sustenance from her inexhaustible store. Young people, particularly, she loved and cherished, as they in turn loved her, for they found in her all the gayety of youth and all the wisdom of age.

One could not know Ruth Morgan for long without realizing that her life was based on profound religious convictions. Despite the wave of skepticism that, since the War, has done much to destroy the faith of an older generation and to deny faith to a younger, she held fast to her certain knowledge that life was an adventure of the spirit and man a spiritual being. The Christian ideal of service was to her the road to a fuller life, and Love the means as well as the end. Having known religious experience, she was ready to stake her life on the conviction that existence has meaning and purpose and that spiritual values have ultimate reality. Happily, she was able to communicate that conviction to the countless others who, in all thankfulness, would wish to bear witness to the unutterable blessing that her life has been.

Totnes, Devon, England. DOROTHY ELMHIRST.

CORRESPONDENCE

Industry's "Lost Battalion"

SIR: I am one of those many thousands who were uprooted by the storms of the depression and now find myself lodged in an obscure corner of comparative safety. I am a humble piece worker on the night shift of an Ohio rubber factory. This job was obtained through the efforts of my brother, who is an executive at the factory. Small as it is, it has kept a roof over our heads, and many of my former colleagues, even more reduced than I, envy my "luck." For the present it serves to keep us from the welfare list, but the thing that makes my blood run cold is the apparent impossibility of getting established again. Dozens upon dozens of letters have brought the same reaction. Retrenchment during the "years of the locust" has shown that business can be carried on with a much smaller personnel, and the jobs we younger men held no longer exist. Regardless of ability or training, the fact that we were born twenty years too late (or too soon) leaves us in a wellnigh hopeless predicament.

With years of excellent accomplishment in the steel business, and in manufacturing industries closely related to it; a diversified knowledge of industrial procedure in all its phases: shop practices, personnel work, sales and administrative policies, etc., there seems to be nothing left but to work with my hands for six hours a day at 60 cents an hour. The thought that it is no fault of my own is small consolation, and rather increases the feeling of bitterness which I feel rising inside of me as the months roll by.

I will admit that these lean, hard years have taught me much that is valuable. But I still face the bitter fact that in the march of events, I seem to be relegated to the scrapheap, like a machine found obsolete in the development of a new process. I am now faced with an immediate problem, again one absolutely beyond my control. The new retail tire code has practically sounded the deathknell of the small tire manufacturer, and the factory where I am now employed is laying off men and cutting down production. Again individual effort seems to count for nothing. From an absolute greenhorn who had never worked in a factory, I made myself the fastest tire builder in the shop, both from a sense of pride in doing well whatever I do and also because I needed the bonus money. Now, due to the working of the celebrated Section 7a of N.I.R.A., seniority has been adopted here, and I, who had just won the day shift for my efforts, go back on the night shift and am next in line to be caught in the lay-off which I fear is coming.

So even my small corner is in danger. Can you see any hope for men in my position, or are we to be the "Lost Battalion" of industry, shunted from one menial job to another in the effort to earn our living, each job bringing us farther from the chance to rehabilitate ourselves?

What hurts perhaps more than anything else is that after a review of events since the inception of the New Deal, I find that the cards were dealt to me from the bottom of the deck. The workings of the N.I.R.A. are directly responsible for placing me in the predicament in which I find myself today. I realize that it is just one isolated example, but after the high hopes with which I welcomed the advent of the New Deal, it is gall and wormwood to find it forcing me out in the cold again.

Newark, Ohio. F. J. MCNIFF.

P. S. My corner has finally disappeared. Last night, in company with over a hundred others, I was laid off indefinitely.

"Conspiracy" in Chicago

SIR: For their participation in a demonstration outside of the Oakwood Unemployment Relief Service in Chicago, in January, 1933—held as a protest against inadequate relief policies and discriminatory practices against Negro clients—four men and two women were sentenced on May 22, 1934, to prison terms of from one to five years. They were first tried on a charge of assault with intent to kill. Subsequently, they were tried and convicted on a charge of conspiracy. . . . In addition a fine of $750 was imposed on each defendant, to be worked off at the rate of 50 cents a day. The men are now imprisoned in Joliet and the women in Dwight. . . .

The case obviously represents a violation of civil liberties. Protest is needed. In Chicago alone in two instances, protesting groups have been tried on the charge of conspiracy. In addition to protest, funds are needed to meet the cost of appeal. The Committee of Inquiry, 800 South Halsted Street, Chicago, Illinois, invites the coöperation of those who feel that flagrant disregard of civil rights must be met by action.

JESSIE BINFORD, Chairman,
MARY ROSENTHAL, Secretary,
Chicago, Ill. Committee of Inquiry.

Extracts from Letters

JUDGE George Stewart Brown of the United States Customs Court, New York City, writes us in defense of proportional representation: "It is a serious defect of our election system that it permits a minority candidate to win. . . . As the parties in America now tend to split up into three, as in Minnesota and Wisconsin already, this becomes a matter of great importance. The entire Minnesota delegation in Congress was elected by a mere plurality. Before we abandon democracy let us make our election machinery more democratic by requiring a majority to elect."

R. Ellis Roberts of 11 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C. 2, England, has been asked by Mr. O'Gorman Anderson to write a life of Stella Benson (Mrs. Anderson). "I would," he writes, "be grateful if any who have letters of hers which they are willing to have published, in whole or in part, would send them to me. They will be copied as soon as possible and then returned."

Contributions of books or other help will be welcomed by the newly formed Workers' Bookshop in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Books should be sent to Tony Minerich, Room 209, 929 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

The annual conference of the Los Angeles group of the League for Industrial Democracy will be held at the Pacific Palisades conference grounds, Saturday afternoon, July 28, and will close on Sunday night, July 29. The lectures and discussions will center on such subjects as the history, the present trends and the future possibilities of

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Little Magazines

IN THE past two years there has been a remarkable increase in the number of little literary magazines published in this country; where there were a dozen two years ago there are now between fifty and a hundred. It is hard to place the figure more accurately than that, for the number is constantly changing—a good many disappear after an issue or two, and new ones are started. I have more than fifty of them here, however, all dated within the last six months and all of them new magazines. Taking them as a whole, reading them consecutively (including the complete files of the better established), is an experience that deserves analysis: directly or indirectly they reveal a strong ferment in American literary life and foreshadow to some extent the dominant characteristics of the literature that is coming. For one thing, they suggest that the writers of the immediate future are going to serve out their apprenticeships in relative privacy, and appear before a broader public with considerable experience behind them. The explanation for this is the same as that for the existence of the little magazines: the propaganda apparatus of American capitalism—including its magazines, its book publishers, its school system, its newspapers—has either broken down or been drastically curtailed, with the result that there is no longer a place for the writers who are coming up and who, if they want to be heard at all, must take into their own hands the task of getting their words across.

Consequently these magazines deserve to be taken seriously. In spite of their variety—and they range from old-fashioned art-for-art's-sake journals to candidly revolutionary publications—they have a number of features in common: in most of them the emphasis is on prose, on the short story; there is little poetry, of which only a fraction is memorable; their critical contributions, except for those in the revolutionary magazines, are negligible. A good part of their fiction is of the sort that is usually called promising; out of the two hundred stories published in the magazines covered in this survey there is one fragment (by Tilly Lerner) so fresh and imaginative that even a cautious critic can call it a work of early genius.

A few more explanations: there are about four hundred contributors to the magazines being reviewed, most (but not all) of them unknown. A good many are identified in the notes on contributors as being published for the first time or as having been published previously only in other little magazines. Most of them are young, the emerging talents now struggling to get a hearing, and their apprentice works cannot be intelligently appraised unless the extra-literary difficulties that now impede all apprenticeships are taken into account.

A few general groupings can be made out: there is a revolutionary group, made up of Blast, The Anvil, The Monthly Review, The New Quarterly, The Partisan Review and Left Front, Left Review and the other magazines of the John Reed Clubs. These are not radical but revolutionary magazines in which fiction, criticism, poetry and news reports fit into a definite cultural program that is recognized as being part of a broad political program. There is a radical and liberal group, offering an outlet to revolutionary writers and to others as well; there are a few policies. Regardless of their programs, these magazines seem to begin in very much the same way: a group of writers in Washington, or in Davenport, or in Philadelphia, after they have been sufficiently rebuffed by the established publications, pool their talents and publish their own and such other manuscripts as they can get. Usually there is some older writer in the community who acts as an adviser. I do not mean that these magazines are started only because the editors find no other outlets for their writing. It is not so much a matter of collecting rejection slips as it is the experience of having intellectual doors slammed in one's face. The established magazines are no longer discussing the problems that interest these writers, or they are discussing them from a point of view that no longer seems valid. And as the crisis deepens, as the old, the established, the famous, returning from Hollywood and Europe, absorb more and more of the rapidly decreasing space in the bourgeois magazines, the distance between these magazines and the younger writers increases.

"We want to reach the unknowns." "We want to encourage the young writers." These are typical statements of purpose. "Our task is to combat stark leftism in proletarian literature." "We planned to write an editorial . . . about the function of the little magazines as agencies through which writers, with something more in them than a dubious ability to write advertising copy disguised as fiction, could establish themselves." "What we conceive to be the fatal error of nine-tenths of contemporary thinking is the fact that the keenest critics of capitalism have either ignored or welcomed the danger to civilization in the Mass Rebellion against superior standards." In all these statements a common complaint stands out: the established publications are no longer in contact with the more vital of the younger writers; they are no longer saying the things these writers need to hear, nor are they providing platforms from which the beginner can test his work against the response of his audience. In the little magazines of the past —Broom, The Little Review, Transition—the experimentalism particularly emphasized was enough to set their authors apart from all but a special group of readers. That is not the case with those now appearing. In both the revolutionary and conservative the emphasis is on clarity of expression, and the writers do not demand of the audience a prior familiarity with a particular body of literature, a professional interest in new forms or a great deal of time to search for meanings. They write to be understood, easily, immediately, scarcely asking more preparation from the audience than an ability to read.

It is noteworthy that the more conservative of the magazines seem to be at once the most obscure, the most heavily subsidized and to possess the most attractive formats, as though compensating for the obscurity of their contents by the clarity of their printing. At the very far right, almost out of sight, there is the monarchist quarterly, The American Review (whose editors are said to be opposed to the Communist party because the Communists do not understand American conditions), with a political and cultural program so weird it cannot be intelligently discussed. The New Frontier, published by a group of graduate students at Harvard, is a much more impressive effort, a critical magazine, strongly nationalist, devoted to countering what the editors call the Revolt of the Masses, based on

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ward collectivism (which must be accepted) and in the cultural world a trend toward barbarism (which must be opposed, and opposed with all the intensity and energy which the intelligentsia can summon)." An obvious ignorance of the Marxian point of view, which the authors nevertheless attack, weakens most of the contributions; and the assumption on which the policy of the magazine is based—that the *masses* are responsible for the vulgarity distributed by the capitalist radios, newspapers and movies—is too flimsy to carry the weight placed on it: it is like criticizing a servant for the clothes his master forces him to wear. Nevertheless, The New Frontier represents the only new contribution to the attempts of the bourgeoisie to work out an adequate program for its intellectuals, a contribution that is better informed and more ingenious than those of the New Humanists or the Southern Agrarians and may have a wider influence.

Its program is particularly relevant to a discussion of the little magazines, for it expresses in critical terms a point of view that many of them express in their stories and poetry. This middle ground between the militantly reactionary and revolutionary is most fertile: there are a dozen outstanding magazines here, with no clearly defined political or cultural programs, inclusive, hospitable to new talents but basically accepting the position outlined above—The Windsor Quarterly, The Medallion, The Magazine, The Little Magazine, Manuscript, A Year Magazine, Kosmos, Ploughshare, Fourth Decade, The Hub, New Talent. This grouping, inexact because of many dissimilarities, is possible only because a common esthetic unites these publications, because, in one sense, they show what the critical program of The New Frontier means in actual creative practice.

Whatever else that program implies, it means the conscious isolation of the artist, of the intellectual, from the masses of people; and this group of magazines, though less strikingly than Broom and The Little Review, illustrates some of the consequences of that isolation. First of all, there is an extraordinary passivity in most of the stories. The characters seem incapable of visualizing in any fullness the alternatives presented by a situation, of making a decision and acting upon it. They are acted upon, they are at the mercy of events or at the mercy of the decisions of others. It is not that they are presented as having no control over their own environments. They do not even struggle to obtain such control. In the great majority of the stories the narrator is merely looking on some conflict he does not understand and in which his emotions, beyond a vague or troubled interest, are not involved. If the narrator is an adult, we generally find him looking out the window at some commotion in the street; if he is a child, as he usually is, we are made to share his perplexity at the ambiguous, half-revealing remarks of the central figures in the drama. One of the most common patterns in these stories is this: a sensitive, introspective individual observes or is involved against his will in some conflict, escapes from it and finds a kind of peace in watching whatever landscape is nearby, the trees, mountains, river or sea usually being described with great care. And as most of the authors seem to place too great reliance on the power of nature to calm troubled emotions, so most of them seem to sentimentalize over the bewilderment and terrors of childhood, and to present a state of half-understanding, or of complete confusion, in a warm and nostalgic light.

As these characteristics reappear, you see that a good many of the stories are like the novels dealing with the expatriates, of which "The Sun Also Rises" is the best example, that evoked a widespread response a few years ago. The belief that the artist is somehow inevitably cut off from an understanding of the world of affairs, that his isolation is a source of strength, is implicit in much of the writing in The Windsor Quarterly, The Magazine, The Little Magazine and others, and very often the fragmentary, inconclusive quality of the stories suggests that they are essentially negative expressions, written from the negative inspiration of not being what the stories in the commercial magazines are, of not being told in hackneyed or commonplace terms, of not pointing to obvious and stereotyped conclusions. So in the editorial policies you find indiscriminate opposition chiefly stressed: "This magazine will *not* cater to any one clique or society." "There is *no* definite policy underlying the pages of The Criterion." "The editors favor *no* front." "We are *not* radical." "We will *not* publish the editors' stories"—purposes hardly strong enough to carry the magazines through the difficulties encountered in publishing them.

Before getting to the consciously revolutionary publications some further explanations are necessary. The lines are not clearly drawn in these little magazines. Some of those I have been describing as most withdrawn publish the work of the revolutionary writers, and most of the writers for the whole group—say 75 percent—seem to be at least radical, though the assumption is based on the rather slight evidence of one or two stories; from their work you get an idea that most of them would be sympathetic to a working-class revolution while perhaps having strong reservations about accepting the Communist program as far as their own writing is concerned.

A few illustrations of the way the present crisis is pictured may make this clearer. Both the revolutionary and other writers concentrate on the more melodramatic consequences of the crisis, on strikes, evictions, demonstrations. Their stories tell of the emotions of a man watching the police crack down on a group of demonstrators; it seems to be a common experience. There is a story for them in a brief conversation with an unemployed worker, another in the sequence of events that lead a hungry man to start searching for food with a monkey wrench in his hand, another in the sight of a hobo who has given up and is hopelessly doped with *marijuana*. The world these writers present, far from being insular and unaffected by happenings outside it, is turbulent, bloody, starving—a world inhabited chiefly by the unemployed, whose lack of food, of shoes, of medical care, of hope, is painstakingly dramatized. Anything can happen; the streets aren't safe; the police are only another and more clearly recognized menace; no one can be trusted. And presently you see that in the eyes of these writers contemporary American life is like the popular conception of life in China or India—human life is cheap and beggars swarm in the streets, suffering and brutality are too common to evoke more than a passing notice, thieves and perverts are in power.

There is no question of the desirability or the impossibility of a proletarian literature's being discussed in these magazines. That stage has been passed. Now the critics are occupied with such problems as rescuing proletarian literature from "leftism," which is defined as "the attempt to force the reader's responses through a barrage of sloganized and inorganic writing." That is a polite characterization of nine-tenths of the revolutionary stories; most of them are mechanically written in detail; a good many are simply drugged and monotonous recitals of the miseries of the poor. Here and there lines of poetry and humor stand out, little flashes like the line in Joe North's report of a taxi strike, where a worker, describing the entrance of the

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strikers into a Communist meeting, says in simple wonder, "We came in and they all started singing." In the fragment of Tilly Lerner's novel, in The Partisan Review, the imagery, the metaphors distilled out of common speech, are startling in their brilliance—here is prose by a twenty-one-year-old girl as rich as that of Elizabeth Madox Roberts in "The Time of Man," but firm where that of the older writer is soft and nostalgic, and poignant and tender where that of the older writer is sentimental and blurred. Even if these isolated examples were lacking there would still be enough in the little magazines as a whole to justify the labor that is going into them. If they give rise to strong hopes for the writing of the future, it is for this reason: they show that the barriers that have separated writers from the great masses of the people are breaking down, and that the beginners, the majority of them, are trying to develop a literature that will be based on the details of workers' tasks and on the casual, Elizabethan poetry of workers' speech. So stated it seems a modest ambition, but in actuality it is the most important cultural movement of the present, an attempt to bring back to our fiction a vitality that has been absent from it ever since the time Melville could without straining make heroes of workers, and could without self-consciousness make poetry out of the labor of skinning a whale. ROBERT CANTWELL.

A Guide Through Chaos

Do We Want Fascism? by Carmen Haider. New York: The John Day Company. 288 pages. $2.

IT IS not often that a book dealing with the pressing problems of our time, and written from a radical standpoint, can be recommended without reservation. But Dr. Haider's is such a book. The only recent work that can be compared with it is John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power"; and while this newer book may lack the literary charm of the other, it makes up for that lack by utter simplicity of statement. Dr. Haider has the knack of boiling down a complicated question to the simplest terms, and there is not a page in her book that cannot be understood by the intelligent reader. It is thoughtful and comprehensive, searching and outspoken. And it has the additional merit of being based largely on data furnished by American experience.

The book contains much more than is indicated by its title. It gives an adequate though rapid survey of the rise of Fascism in Italy and Germany, of its superficial as well as its fundamental causes, its relations to the various social classes, its theories and pretensions, its policies and effects. It then proceeds to a study of the crisis in the United States and its psychological and political effects; the New Deal in its several aspects and its effects on unemployment, profits, wages and farmers' income; and the resulting conditions, which may conceivably give rise to an American variety of Fascism. It is a thoroughly realistic study, a careful weighing of possibilities and probabilities, to the complete exclusion of hopes and wishes and illusions. Indeed, Dr. Haider seems to me to be overpessimistic in regard to the possible duration of Fascist rule. It has failed in Italy, it is failing on a larger scale in Germany, and if introduced into the United States, it would fail even more miserably. And a new regime that uniformly fails cannot last long. Tsarism or a Hapsburg monarchy hoary with age can persist in face of repeated failure; an upstart Bonapartism must succeed, under threat of rapid extinction. HERMAN SIMPSON

If We Scraped the Platter

America's Capacity to Produce, by Edwin G. Nourse and associates. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. 597 pages, curves and tables. $3.50.

THE FOREWORD gives the problem. Mr. Nourse and his associates have attempted to discover whether or not the American people, acting within the limitations of their resources and traditions, could improve on their past economic performances. In "America's Capacity to Produce," the first of four projected volumes, our system of production is to be considered realistically as a technological process. Money and prices are to be left out of the picture and the technical process of production and division and use of the product are to be discussed "merely in physical terms." In the book, the inquiry falls into two parts: (a) Has the "excess industrial capacity," the "superfluous producing plant," been "piling up" in recent years? (b) What is the extent of our "excess industrial capacity?"

In order to answer these questions the productive capacity of 29 major industries, chosen from those listed in the Census of Manufactures for 1921 and 1923, is studied. These industries produce goods to a value of $25,313,110,000 out of a total of $62,718,397,000, or nearly 40 percent. Besides these industries, mining, agriculture, electric power, transportation, distribution, etc., are considered. Mr. Nourse disposes of the prevalent notion that excess productive capacity has been piling up in recent years. If his assumption—that 1923 and 1929 are normal and that 1921 and 1932 are not—be accepted, the ratio between used and unused capacity has remained on the whole fairly constant. If, however, 1931, 1932 and 1933 should be considered normal, the answer would be different.

The conclusion of the second inquiry is more dubious. Mr. Nourse whittles down the findings of the 1923 Census of Manufactures, which reported an unused productive capacity of 27.6 percent, to a mere 19.1 percent. He accomplishes this result by making deductions on counts that fall loosely under the following four heads:

1. Time necessary for repairs, cleaning, etc.
2. Estimating capacity on the basis of *customary* number of shifts.
3. Reducing capacity on the score of seasonality of demand.
4. Non-inclusion of idle, stranded or obsolete plants.

It is obvious that count 1 is legitimate. Some plants have to be closed down at times for renovation. But in most cases no proof is given that the industrialists did not include this necessity when they submitted their estimates to the census. Count 2 seems of questionable legitimacy. Textile mills operate three shifts in the South, one in the North. This practice is not due to *custom,* but to the fact that the Northern owners cannot profitably operate three shifts. Obviously if labor is available, capacity figured on a three-shift basis would give the true picture. To dismiss it because labor would have been lacking in 1929 is irrelevant. Labor would not be lacking in 1934 even if we resumed our altruistic foreign trade, and technology can reduce the use of labor even beyond 1934 practice.

Much the same can be said for seasonality. This factor is legitimate obviously in the canning industry, but I do not see that it applies, for example, to the fabrication of automobiles. Automobiles, clothes, furniture, etc., could be made the year round.

Count 4, the non-inclusion of idle, stranded and obsolete plants, is acceptable. But, if such plants are excluded, it

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would seem that the possibility of fully utilizing known and tested technological processes should be included. Mr. Nourse disregards these as "outside the field of our primary interest." Yet the possibilities of better utilization of labor and materials are as real as any other factor involved.

Mr. Nourse, in conclusion, translates the estimated increase in production (19 percent over 1929) into life terms. He suggests that it would be the equivalent of a 19 percent increase in income ($125 for each individual). Instead of a national income of eighty to eighty-five billion 1929 dollars, we would enjoy something near one hundred billion 1929 dollars.

This conclusion seems to be unwarranted. Obviously an increase of 19 percent in the production of eggs would mean a 19-percent increase of real income in the form of eggs. But what about durable, semi-durable and capital goods? Here the problem is not so simple. The proportion is not direct. A 19-percent increase in barrels of cement might mean nothing or it might mean a 40-percent increase in room space. To estimate the result of fully using our productive capacity is a complicated, difficult problem. Each item must be followed through from raw material to finished goods. The final result may have little relation with the answer obtained by assuming a direct ratio.

Although I have used my limited space largely to point out what I consider deficiencies, I strongly urge everyone interested in this problem of national house management to study carefully the Brookings report. HAROLD LOEB.

Gilding for Dreams

Hoxie Sells His Acres, by Christopher LaFarge. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.

THIS NOVEL in verse, the story of a farmer's love for his land and the reaction of his neighbors to his proposed sale of it, suggests several immediate questions: What effect is given to the theme by such a treatment? What is the direction and tone of the work? And is the author's conception of a peopled world valid at this time?

As to the first question, it is plain that throughout the book the characters do not come to life. In creating his people Mr. LaFarge has resorted to a verbal technique—ballad forms, couplets, free verse in many moods, etc. This technique, when ably handled, gives an authentic sense of flow and change, but here it simply fails to convince; there is no certainty of marriage between substance and the means by which it is presented. Often, too, the dialect placed in the mouths of New England farming folk slops over into a half Tennessee-mountain uncouthness, half Middle-West drawl. This is a serious fault; words that might have escaped the printed page are condemned to remain only curiously spelled suggestions of the human voice.

Although interest is held by the general run of the story, the author's narrative style falls far short of that of lyrics scattered here and there through the book:

> Oh river, lend your gilding to my dream,
> Bear up my hopes, that they may not be broken,
> My path is empty, but your waters' gleam
> Forever hints romantic tales unspoken.

Finally, the world of the book is valid only if you are willing to stop short at the softly mirrored surface-gleam of its romantic waters; there is a deeper reality that the author misses.

There's Mud in Them Steppes

Escape from the Soviets, by Tatiana Tchernavin. Translated from the Russian by N. Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 320 pages. $2.50.

Winter in Moscow, by Malcolm Muggeridge. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 247 pages. $2.50.

THE FIRST of these two books is written to explain why nice people had to be arrested so often in Russia. It is by an "intellectual," a woman curator of art treasures, whose feelings about the Revolution are bounded by what it did to her, her friends and some pieces of the Orlov silver service, which are missing. She lived in sovietized Russia fifteen years, yet there is no word of any of the myriad economic, social and intellectual boons brought to one hundred and sixty million people. One might be led to presume from these books there were no workers, no peasants, no diseases, no filth or misery, no ignorance or superstition before the Revolution in Russia. It was a bright and sunny land, everyone well fed, and really the Bolsheviks went out of their way to reduce the happy Tchernavins to unhappiness.

Mme. Tchernavin's escape story is vivid and thrilling, as are the descriptions of jail and the visit to the White Sea penal camp, the virgin forests of Finland and the interviews with Russian officials. If she had forgotten she was writing a propaganda book, and had not stopped her little story of one family to drag in stupid and ignorant remarks about the Soviets in general, her book would have been better literature. As it is, it bears the stamp of truth except when she is talking of the Soviet Union; then she becomes an ant on an ant-run seeing the crumb before her as the universe. The author admits she knew nothing and cared less about politics; an example of her generalizations will bear her out and show her unfitness to make political deductions: "Our impressions [in Finland] were only derived from what we saw," she says; and in the next paragraph: "The small Finnish nation waging a stubborn fight against exceptionally inclement nature makes it yield more than what the U.S.S.R. with all its natural resources can obtain by forced labor and shootings."

The descriptions of what jail does to you are good. There is a touch of "Growth of the Soil," of "Robinson Crusoe," about "Escape from the Soviets," but whenever you get really excited, in she jumps again, Mme. Tchernavin, a puppy yapping at the heels of history, not letting you appreciate the glorious trees and valleys and moss of Finland, the elk, the little boy's delight in finding three kinds of breads in Finland, his joy in his visit to his father. You can't enjoy his fun: you are dragged back to see a G. P. U. man in every stick of macaroni—or the lack of it. She has spoiled a good yarn and the book is bad propaganda. And her complaints about the mud and the Siberian cold in the Arctic Circle, and the blisters! You hate to disillusion her but even capitalism hasn't wiped out mud.

Mr. Muggeridge, reporting what he saw during a winter in Moscow, set out to give himself a good time too; he has at least six good oaken prejudices, and he was going to give them their full innings. Sex, Jews, journalists, the working class, reformers and bald pates get belabored with sarcasm. But finally the swats at them become as tedious as the forced humor of a college boy's first attempts to imitate Time. Since one reads (if one does read) absurd books like these, not to learn about Russia, but to get some amusement, it seems too bad to labor in vain. Mr. Mugg[illegible]

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a book by him describing a visit to Palestine in company with Adolf Hitler.

But at any rate both these authors have expressed their contempt for the downtrodden and oppressed fully, completely, with bells on. The only danger is that if you read them both you might get it out of your system, and have no more hate left for the Workers' Fatherland, Jews, the G. P. U. or mud. ELLA WINTER.

Lickety Brindle

Whatever Goes Up, by George Tyler and J. C. Furnas. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 320 pages. $3.

THIS STORY, by one of the most successful producers of the generation that passed with the War, is the romance of an incorrigible optimist, a chronic gambler. George Tyler's God-given talent was what he calls "natural born cheek." He went through life with this colossal impudence, with which he declares was mixed "a fair amount of plain old-fashioned ignorance."

He began his career as a tramp printer; took a whirl at theatrical reporting, naturally became a publicity man, then an advance agent for barnstorming shows, after which he was in the theatre for life. To George Tyler it was the theatre, "the old theatre at its finest and best . . . a self-respecting, widely valued institution." He became advance agent for James O'Neill, who played "The Count of Monte Cristo" for seventeen years and will live in fame as the father of Eugene O'Neill, whose plays as a young man the proud father brought around for Tyler to read in Tyler's later years. He was on the road "ahead" of various theatrical troupes until the early years of the first decade of the century. Then New York took him and he became a producer.

It was a theatre of its own kind that drooped and changed about 1907 or '08. It centered around the road show. Stars in that old theatre appeared who came to New York only incidentally. They were provincial favorites. A town of five thousand or more as far west as the Rocky Mountains would have during the season, from mid-November until March, three or four variety shows, the forerunners of vaudeville, and maybe half a dozen dramas, well starred, each of which was called "the season's New York success." In towns of from ten to twenty-five thousand a show sometimes stayed a week-end. In towns of a hundred thousand, a show could tie up for a week. And in the larger cities, a half dozen of them, two-week stands were not impossible. From barnstorming the actors trouped to Broadway and saw their names flash in red and black box-car letters on the billboards. That was success. James O'Neill's success did not differ from success today except in the quick upward journey and downward plunge of the stars in today's "show business."

This book is written in exactly the tempo of those festive times. The slam-bang, hip-hurrah, lickety-brindle bull-roaring, kioodling tempo of the day reverberates all through it. Its rollicking cavalcade of festive episodes will bring back at least one side of America's theatrical picture during the first fifty years after the Civil War. It is one side, the gay, riotous gamble that was the theatre of our fathers, and well worthy of this backward glance that George Tyler gives us. No one else has done the picture in such gaudy colors. Despite its tinsel, its tinkling cymbals and sounding brass, the very gusto of the story tells an important residue

Punchpress on the Hudson

Tin Soldiers, by Robert Wohlforth. New York: Alfred H. King. $2.

THIS BOOK is strong meat. Its author, having distinguished himself in every field of cadet activity before graduating from West Point, knows the Military Academy from every angle. If there is any glamor left surrounding the military in the opinion of intelligent people, his carefully built up picture of cadet life should dispel it.

In order that his novel shall be something like a cross section of the whole, Mr. Wohlforth selects seven young men from varying backgrounds and takes them through the four-year course, showing the results of this grim cloistered life on their several different types. There is Cedric Bradley, his weak body and timid will driven to the inevitable breakdown by his military father's blind and obstinate ambition for him. And, for counterbalance, there is Emil Krantz, a bull of a fellow, dumb (they "didn't think anyone could stay as dumb as Emil"), but powerful in football, hence just making the scholastic grade always with the help of "poopsheets" containing former exam questions, and evading discipline pretty much at will. In the opinion of fellow graduates he "probably got more out of West Point than any of the rest of us."

Capley, fanatically interested in aviation, was permanently crippled during his second practice flight: Banks, a musician and at West Point largely to prove the theories of his father, found escape from cultural yearnings by sleeping in the hospital. The colored lad of the picture was ostracized, broken, forced out. ("Niggers have no business coming to West Point"—the "People's School." . . .) And Alwyn, who had stuck out the four years only to satisfy the ambition of his sweetheart, learned she was to marry his roommate just in time to realize what had been lost: "Not just Helen, something more. A slice of his life had been cut out, buried. He must recapture the person who had once been John Alwyn and begin life over again." Of all of them, only Dok Cipriano, the handsome ex-mill hand from Altoona, finds in West Point the true fulfilment of his dreams—and even his future advancement is made secure by a wealthy marriage.

The story of these characters runs through the four years of deadening routine and petty discipline. They must fold their strictly regulation underwear in a strictly regulation way; they must hold the pointer in the proper hand and at the angle prescribed when they recite. Lack of normal contacts with girls brings the predictable results. Isolation from the outside world and teaching barren of all that educates overwhelm all individuality, stifle all thought, and cast the youths in the rigid mold of the army officer—narrow and ignorant, but capable of obeying when he is given orders, a well turned cog in the remorseless military machine. In an account sufficiently sympathetic not to be dismissed as an unbalanced diatribe we are shown these molding processes: the brutal caste system that is at the bottom of army life, Beasts and Plebes being hazed, bayonet practice, regulations, drills, regulations. . . . This is West Point as it is to the men who spend the impressionable years of their youth there, not as it is represented to investigating committees. Militarists will say: War makes necessary the ruthlessness of this army machine. A book like this would seem to give the answer that such an argument was another very strong count against war.

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Books in Brief

This Bewildered World, by Frazier Hunt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 371 pages. $2.75.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent who has traveled over the greater part of the globe, Mr. Hunt does not profess to be a social scientist who can gauge the forces that move the world. He is an old-fashioned American democrat, who hopes and wishes that "life shall be good for all men," and watches the struggles of the underdogs everywhere with a sympathetic eye. In the Far and the Near East, in all the principal countries of Europe, in Russia and in America, he has talked with all sorts and conditions of men, and in unpretentious style he gives us glimpses into their hopes and fears and struggles. He has watched the Bolshevik revolution almost from its inception, he confesses himself to have become a Bolshevik sympathizer, and he believes that the Bolshevik idea is destined to revolutionize Asia, if not the world. He also has great hopes of the New Deal for America.

H. S.

How Chinese Families Live in Peiping, by Sidney D. Gamble. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. 348 pages, illustrated. $3.

Mr. Gamble, who is research secretary of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. of China, has published his second book of social studies of Peiping, different from in scope but equal in thoroughness to his previous book, "Peiping: A Social Study." With the assistance of two Chinese associates, who were in charge of field work, Mr. Gamble conducted a survey of the family budgets of 283 families carefully selected from the different sections of the city. The social composition of the group can be seen from the fact that among the men of the families studied, there were 47 clerks and accountants, 46 rickshaw men, 25 peddlers, 24 employees of the electric company, 21 teachers, 17 shopkeepers, 13 servants and 12 house-owners. The studies have an added significance because they were made in 1926, on the eve of the removal of the capital to Nanking. This action held serious socio-economic consequences for a city like Peiping, whose population was not industrial but primarily administrative and educational. The material contained in the book as a whole can be of great value to research workers. However, more analytical insight and theoretical acumen are needed if all the important implications still hidden behind masses of half-digested facts are to be brought out.

C.-T. C.

Attending Marvels: A Patagonian Journal, by George Gaylord Simpson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 308 pages, illustrated. $3.

Dr. Simpson is a curator of vertebrate paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History. This book is the record of a recent expedition to Patagonia, wild and unsettled land whose chief wealth is in its fossils. Dr. Simpson writes with charm and liveliness. He suffers, however, from the peculiar sense of inferiority shown by some scientists who feel that their professional work is a bore to others, and that the gossip of the camp is more entertaining. When that feeling is in the ascendant, the book goes into a decline; but fortunately, after the author settles down to his task, the scientist takes hold and the result is a highly interesting book.

Wild Deer, by R. Hernekin Baptist. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

Miss Baptist writes of Africa with such eloquent and moving sincerity that one almost accepts her rather fantastic thesis—almost but not quite. This is the story of a world-famous American Negro singer—a highly cultivated and sensitive artist—who renounces his art and civilization to settle down in an African kraal with a native child-wife who will bear children of his blood to "inherit Africa." But even a reader who finds this unconvincing can learn much from this book, written out of deep knowledge of and love for Africa. Miss Baptist achieves the difficult feat of seeing the South African whites through a Negro's eyes: her portraits of them are frequently ruthless but they are profoundly convincing. There is the missionary, working steadfastly against desperate odds to save the detribalized natives from exploitation and degradation; there are the white intellectuals, wearing their kindness "as a feather stuck discreetly but definitely in the hat, a badge pinned modestly to the breast." There is the great legion of those whom she calls the "powerful troll-folk of South Africa, those overcrude subnormal beings who live on the native." And over against these there are the mass of detribalized, defrauded, degraded South African natives, the few uprooted and educated ones among them and the small leaven of those who by some miracle are still unexploited and untainted by civilization, in whom Miss Baptist, like her hero, sees Africa's salvation. Her solution of the race problem seems to me doubtful and defeatist, but if she fails to make out a convincing case for it, she has stated devastatingly the case against every other method of handling the problem that has as yet been tried in South Africa.

M. G.

Contributors

ROBERT CANTWELL is the author of "Laugh and Lie Down." His second novel, "The Land of Plenty," was published in April by Farrar and Rinehart.

JONATHAN MITCHELL, former newspaper man and student of international affairs, is the author of "Goose Steps to Peace."

R. W. WILEY is now studying in Italy.

RICHARD C. CABOT, who was one of the founders of hospital social service at the beginning of the century, resigned last year as professor of Clinical Medicine at Harvard University, where he is now professor of Social Ethics.

HERMAN SIMPSON, formerly editor of The New York Call, has been for many years a student of Marxist theory. He contributed to the recent symposium, "Recovery Through Revolution."

HAROLD LOEB, author of "Life in a Technocracy," is director of the National Survey of Product Capacity.

KENNETH PATCHEN has had poems published in The New Masses and other magazines. He lives in Warren, Ohio.

ELLA WINTER formerly taught in the London School of Economics. She is the author of "Red Virtue," a book on Soviet manners and morals.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is a well known Kansas editor and writer. Among his books are "A Certain Rich Man" and "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me."

MARGERY BEDINGER, for more than five years the head librarian at the Military Academy at West Point, is the only woman who has ever held that position. She is at present librarian at the Montana School of Mines in Butte.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Herman Simpson, Ch'ao-Ting Chi, Isidor Schneider and Martha Gruening.

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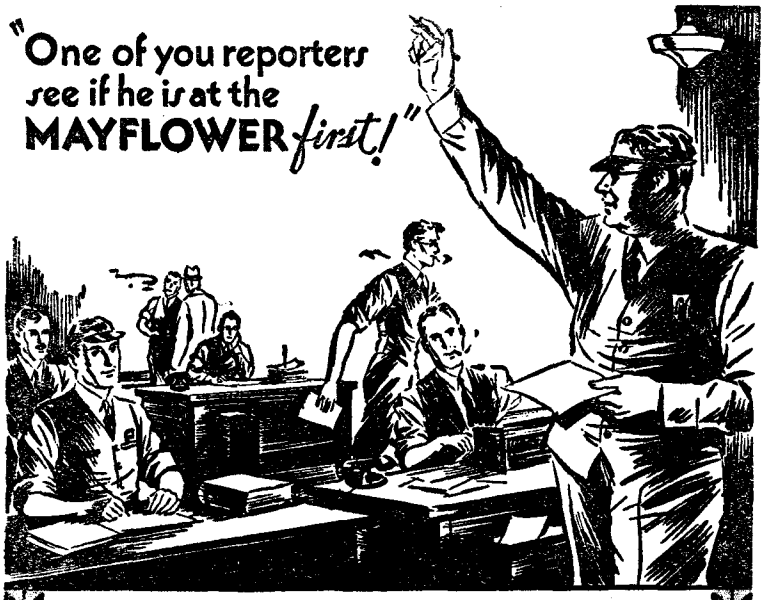

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